Wavelength λ

UMass Boston

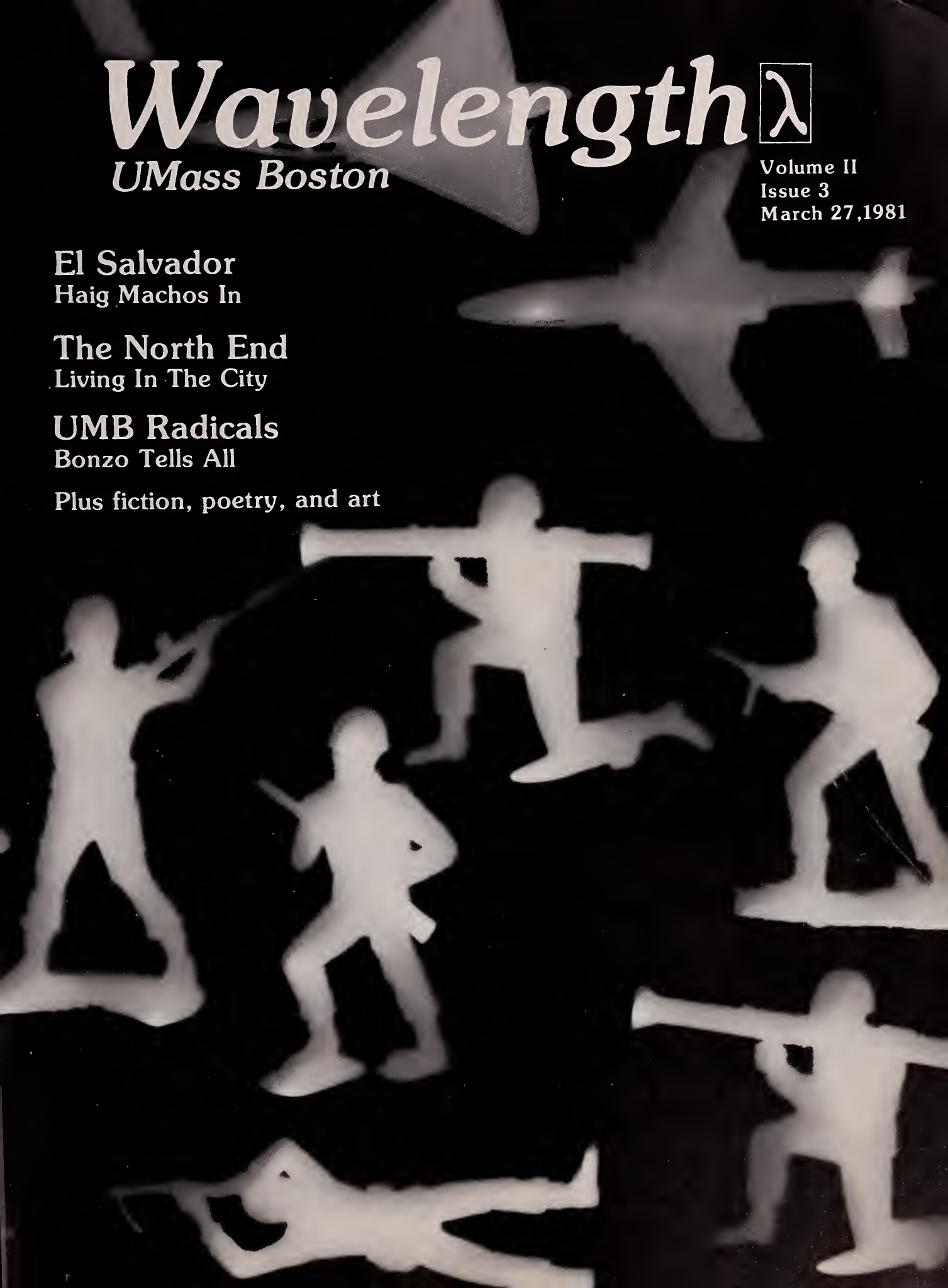
Volume II
Issue 3
March 27,1981

El Salvador
Haig Machos In

The North End
Living In The City

UMB Radicals
Bonzo Tells All

Plus fiction, poetry, and art



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Volume II

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Table of Contents

ARTICLES

El Salvador	*By Ken Tangvik*	page 2
Only in the North End	*By Loren King*	page 4
This is the END	*By Carlene Hill*	page 6
Health Services	*By Martha Celestino*	page 8
Que Pasa	*By Nelson Azocar*	page 10
A Case for Career Change	*By Leona Gibbs*	page 11
Campus Radicals	*By Bonzo*	page 13
Dan Wakefield comes "Home"	*By Tracy Campbell*	page 18
Editorial: Reorg.	*By D. Neal and K. Tangvik*	page 21
Opinion Page	*By Sherry Thomas*	page 22
Clark Center Opens Doors	*By Stephanie Romanos*	page 24
Curb your Dragon	*By John Dumas*	page 28
Button Contest	*By Anonymous*	page 32

FICTION

Half Moon	*By Suzanne MacNary*	page 17
Safe AS MILK	*By Eric Stanway*	page 26
No Rest for the Wicked	*By George Anzuoni*	page 30

POETRY

Graves Registration December 1969	*By David V. Connolly*	page 12
We Understood	*By David V. Connolly*	page 12
After the firefight	*By David V. Connolly*	page 12
Sometimes Notions	*By Mark S. Foley*	page 23
Conversations among objects in a Room	*By Ruth Chasek*	page 23
Images of Water	*By Catherine Wright*	page 38
White Flight	*By Mark S. Foley*	page 38
The Water Window	*By Mark S. Foley*	page 39
Beach	*By Louise Lasson*	page 39
Letters		page 48

Welcome back from spring break. We all hope everyone had a restful vacation. The front and back cover is a photogram titled Childs Play ? done by Laura L. Montgomery. The graphic on the back inside cover was done by Eric Stanway.

As always Wavelength needs your support. It takes a lot of time and effort to publish a magazine and we are constantly looking for help. We are in need of writers, artists, and fiction/poetry contributors. If you are interested in working on Wavelength please stop by our office 010/6/091 or call ext. 2609.

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Special Thanks: English Department, Mass Media, Point Press, The Pub Club, The SAC, and John Cronin from the Boston Herald American

Printed by Charles River Publishing
45 Landsdowne Street,
Cambridge, Ma 02139

(UPI-Herald-American Photo Lib)

El Salvador
Reagan's Vietnam?

UPI/Boston Herald American

Congresswoman Barbara Mikulski takes statements from people who have fled El Salvador into neighboring Honduras.

By Ken Tangvik

Over a year ago I was on a sidewalk bench waiting for a bus in Guatemala City during a trip through Central America. I was trying to find a bus that would take me to the international airport.

My goal was to find safe transportation to San Salvador, the capital of El Salvador. The previous day I had boarded a bus to San Salvador, but I was forced to return to Guatemala because the border between the two countries had been closed due to heavy fighting in El Salvador. Finding a cheap flight would be the safest way of getting to El Salvador, I was told.

The slight evening breeze gave a small amount of relief from the oppressive heat that caused my whole body to perspire. Before me, tired bodies dragged themselves through the streets and many children, elderly, handicapped, and impoverished people began to settle into doorways for the night.

As I sat waiting for a bus, a middle-aged man, dressed in a suit and carrying a new leather briefcase walked up and sat beside me.

"Where are you going?," he asked me with a Latin American accent.

"I'm trying to get to the airport to see about a flight to El Salvador," I answered as I put my back-pack on the ground.

The dark-skinned man moved closer and shook his head slowly as he stared at me.

"No my friend," he said, "You don't want to go there. I am going there because I live there, but please, you don't want to go there."

The man went on to explain that he was a native of San Salvador and that he worked for the Salvadoran government in the Ministry of Agriculture.

"There's a war going on in my country now," he said, "At night many of the peasants and workers go out on raids attacking the National Guard. There is no

Cynthia Alvillar, a UMB student at teach-in.

Students read information about El Salvador before teach-in.

Patricia Grieci

Patricia Grieci

...''by *voting against military recruitment the students and faculty voiced their opposition to the U.S. military involvement in El Salvador.''* *Monica Crowley,*

safe area in the capital city at night. I lie in my bed and hear gun-shots all night long."

I quickly gave up the idea of visiting El Salvador, but this stranger had aroused my curiosity.

"Why are they fighting?," I asked him.

The man shook his head slowly. "Because many of the people are not happy with the government and the lack of reform."

"Whose side are you on?," I asked half-jokingly.

The stranger ignored the tone of my question and became very serious. "I am in an awkward position," he answered. "I can sympathize with the guerillas and I agree with some of their ideas, but of course I must be quiet because I work for the government. I can't even tell my friends that I sympathize with the guerillas."

"Why, what would happen?" I asked.

"Oh, I would definitely lose my job," he replied.

"Who do you think will win the war?," I asked finally as I started to put my back-pack on.

"Oh, the guerillas will win," he answered, "They have no choice but to fight back. It's just a matter of time, but of course many, many will die, there will be much bloodshed, and it may take a long, long time."

INTERNATIONAL PROTEST

As the situation in El Salvador intensifies with the U.S. providing military aid to the ruling junta and threatening to blockade Cuba, anti-war activism is surfacing rapidly throughout the world.

Politicians at home and abroad, church leaders, and people of all ages and nationalities are organizing rapidly in an attempt to stop the Reagan administration from creating what they feel could become another Vietnam in Central America. Recently, Reagan proposed sending a total of 60 military advisors and $25 million more to El Salvador.

The protest against the Reagan administration has taken many forms. In Hamburg, West Germany last month, 20,000 people demonstrated against U.S. involvement in El Salvador by setting fire to American-made autos and destroying office buildings owned by U.S. multi-national corporations (Boston Globe 2/14/81).

Last January, over 30,000 people chanting "Yankees out of El Salvador," marched in Mexico City protesting U.S. military aid. In San Francisco, the International Longshoreman's and Warehouseman's Union has refused to handle any and all military cargo, or so called "riot control equipment" being shipped to El Salvador. In Berkeley, thousands of people marched to protest U.S. policies in Central America.

Thousands of Bostonians have attended teach-ins on El Salvador held at local churches and universities. Here at UMass/Boston, political activism has risen to a level comparable to last spring's occupation of the administration building as students organize to res-

Continued to page 34

Stephanie Romanos

Only in the North End

Stephanie Romanos

By Loren King

Inside DeLuca's meat market, Angelo DeLuca pounds away on a slab of meat then wraps it in white paper for his customer, a young woman valiantly trying to balance three bags of groceries in her arms. The door opens and a young man with a chubby face and short, dark hair walks in and hands Angleo DeLuca a cup of steaming black coffee. Angelo smiles broadly at the young men and hands him a dollar. Without a word, the boy leaves the store and walks back to Salem Street. "Nicest kid you wanna meet," Angelo tells his customer, jerking his head sideways to indicate the boy who had just left. "He was one of them change of life babies– born a little retarded. Everybody who's got businesses around here, we let him run errands and do little jobs. 'Bout two years ago," Angelo went on, "a bunch of us pitched in and started a savings account for him. Must be two grand in there by now. Only here could a kid like that do alright for himself. Only in the North End."

Angelo DeLuca's pride in his community is shared by almost all the residents of Boston's North End. Although it is becoming less homogeneous, the Italian-American section still retains much of its old world charm. The family owned businesses, the outdoor fruit peddlers, the rabbit and sheepskins hanging outside the meat markets all contribute to the ethnic flavor and culture of the community. The North End is one of the few Boston neighborhoods where people are actually neighbors. Because of the pride the residents have in their district, they have made it one of the cleaner, safer and more livable parts of the city.

But sometimes the ethnic pride and sense of community in the North End crosses over into ethnic chauvinism and prejudice. "Are you Italian?" is the most important question on everyone's mind, young and old alike. "King–that's not Italian," one of the tenants in my building said with suspicion when I moved in. For some reason, I felt compelled to explain to her that it is my mother who is Italian. She nodded with approval then said conspiratorily, "Italians are the best. Then the Jews. French and Irish–bah," dismissing the latter two groups with a wave of her hand.

Often the prejudice is more explicit. This usually occurs among the second

Stephanie Romanos

Stephanie Romanos

and third generation North Enders and is most severe with the gangs of young men who congregate on street corners throughout the neighborhood. Never seeming to work or do much of anything besides sit on cars or occasionally toss a football back and forth in the street, these guys are the kinds of Italians characterized by John Travolta in *Saturday Night Fever*. With their skin tight designer jeans, open shirts and gold chains, they strut around their street corners protecting their turf. They usually don't bother the tourists, shoppers and cab drivers who pass in and out of the North End, but if any "undesirables" were to move into the neighborhood, the gangs would easily drive them out with such tactics as breaking their windows, slashing their tires, or robbing their apartments.

There were a flurry of news stories two years ago about "gang wars" in the North End. Mayor White's proclamation that the North End has always "taken care of itself" characterized the attitude many people, including City Hall, hold regarding this part of the city. The laissez-faire policy of letting the community handle its own problems has strengthened the sense of community and pride. On the other hand, the autonomy of the North End perpetuates prejudices and the area remains a self-contained world rather than part of the city of Boston.

But the North End gladly opens its arms to the rest of the city once a year, during its religious feasts. The feasts take place every weekend of the summer months and are held at different street locations in the North End. They vary in size and elaborateness, and the biggest, St. Anthony's, is saved for the last. Like a scene out of *The Godfather*, the streets of the North End really take on Old World customs during these feasts. While elderly men and women watch the action from apartment building windows, their elbows propped up on pillows, the streets below come alive. A marching band leads the procession. Following the band is the saint of honor, usually a statue, sometimes a large and gaudy portrait, hoisted high above the shoulders of the carriers and covered with money. It is a scene both reverent and vulgar, amusing, inspiring and charming in its old world culture and tradition.

No one knows how to throw a party like Italians. From sausage and pepper sandwiches to Calamari (squid), the feasts are an endless display of food. Sometimes it seems that North Enders cling to their feasts with such religious fervor because it gives them good reason for non-stop eating. But then Italians have never needed a reason for that. They actually take pride in how much food they are capable of consuming. It is commonplace in the North End to overhear one mother proudly telling another as her overweight child stuffs a cannolli in his mouth, "Oh, God bless him, how this kid loves to eat!"

There are more restaurants in the North End than in any other section of Boston, and although some are better than others, all do superb business, especially with tourists. On a weekend night, it is virtually impossible to get seated except after a wait of an hour or more. Regina's Pizza has a line extending onto the street just about every night of the week. Even during the bitter cold spell this February, people were willing to wait ouside for an hour just to have the famous North End pizza.

Continued to page 41

This is the END

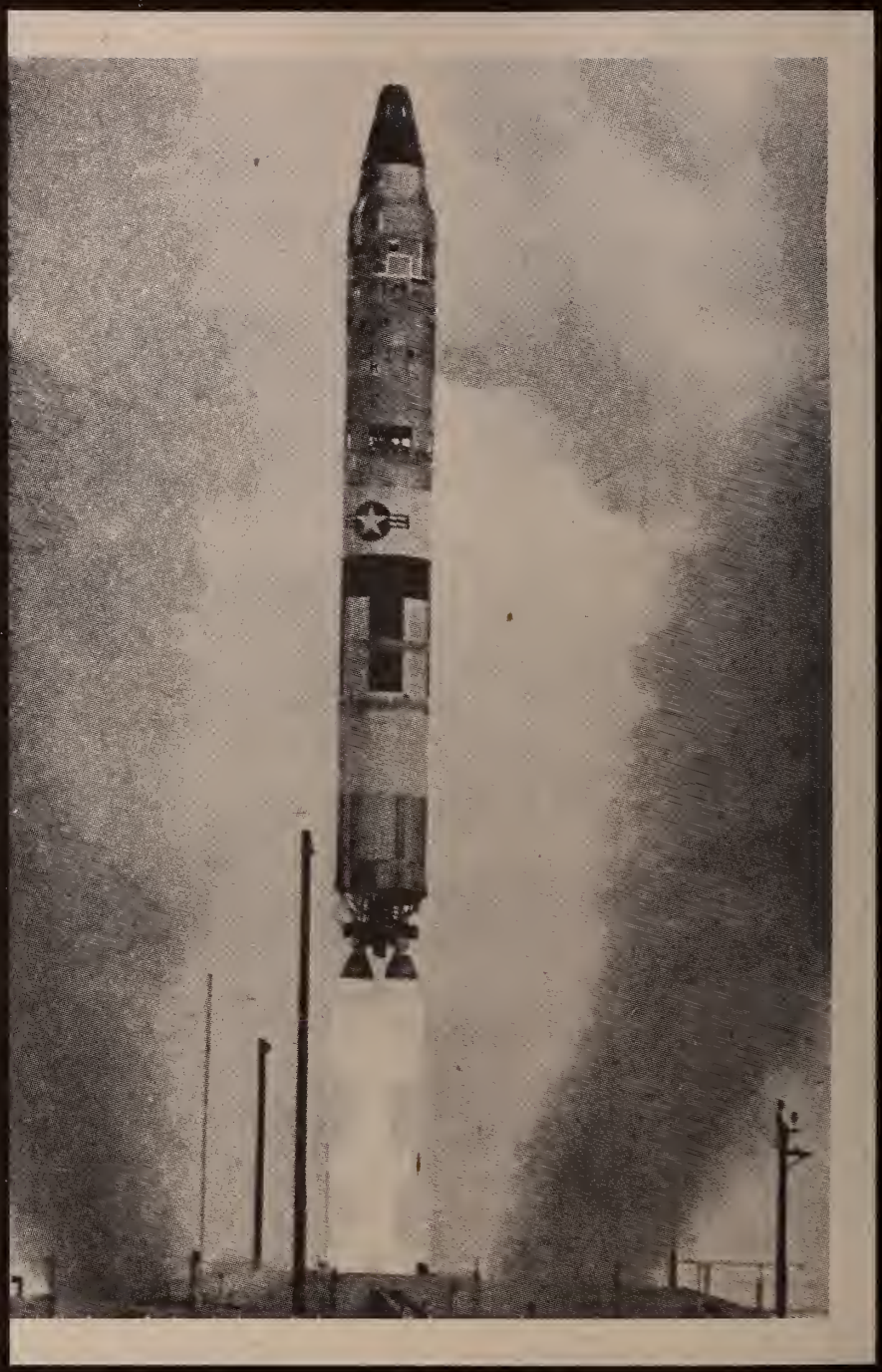
European Nuclear Disarmament

By Carlene Hill

NATO bureaucrats and the American press are deluding Americans into believing Western Europe is crying out for cruise missiles, say British social historians E.P. and Dorothy Thompson.

The reality, they say, is that Europeans don't want to play Cold War any more. A European Nuclear Disarmament (END) movement has reached even behind the Iron Curtain. Its aim: getting nuclear weapons out of Europe to prevent a European theater war that could explode into World War III.

The Thompsons are splitting a year's visiting professorship in the department of Literature and Society at Brown University. In a recent Cambridge lecture, as well as in several press interviews and an article in the January 13 *Nation*, they have accused NATO officials and American journalists of presenting an utterly misleading impression of Europe's willingness to "modernize" its NATO armaments with cruise and Pershing II missiles.



UPI/Boston Herald American

A Titan missile being launched (UPI-Herald-American Photo Lib.)

According to Edward, Europe is undergoing a "very rapid shift in consciousness so dramatic it may begin to signal it's entry into a new era of political life" as the continent develops a "sense of the collision course onto which the two superpowers are launched." The U.S. and the Soviet Union, racing for arms superiority, have ignored Europe's pleas for a slowdown, even though Europe is one of the potential playing grounds for any U.S.-Soviet conflict, he continues.

The END movement, launched in April 1980, seeks to develop a nuclear-free zone in the heart of Europe, Edward explains, in the hope of calming Soviet fears of attack from the west and making arms reduction negotiations viable.

What Americans don't realize, Edward says, is that looking westward from the U.S.S.R., NATO's plans for Europe-based Pershing II and cruise missiles amount to "the exact analogy of the Cuban missile crisis in reverse." Cruise missiles could reach targets 500 miles deeper into Soviet territory than weapons systems now in place; the planned Pershing II missile systems could wipe out Moscow and Kiev four to six minutes after launching. And, he concludes, in the Soviet "worst case" scenario, a ten-minute war would destroy all their weapons bases and therefore all their chances to retaliate.

That kind of direct military threat only enhances the power of Soviet hawks within their own government, Edward states, and the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan is a case in point.

"I'm not arguing a simple cause-and-effect relationship here," he cautions.

But, Edward says, "The cruise missile decision was resisted more strenuously than any western armaments decision by Brezhnev and the Russian leadership in the last ten years. Brezhnev went so far as to go to Berlin and make a speech in which he was almost pleading with the west — this was in the beginning of October (1979) — not to go forward with that decision, and he made a token withdrawal of some thousand tanks and 20,000 forces unilaterally from East Germany in an attempt to arrest that decision.

"That gesture was totally disregarded by the United States, Great Britain and West Germany, who went forward with the decision in December 1979 to go ahead with the cruise missile and the Pershing II.

"It was exactly two weeks later that the Russion forces entered Afghanistan," Edward points out.

"The information we have, and from well-informed Soviet sources, was that there had in fact been an argument going on inside the Russian military and political establishment, of the same order as goes on in western military and political establishments, and that when the NATO decision was taken on December 12, such doves as there were completely and finally lost out," Edward continues. "There was nothing left to lose in diplomatic terms — SALT was in tatters, the NATO decision had been taken — and the hawks took over in Russia and followed their invasion plan through in Afghanistan.

"So in that sense," Edward concludes, "I argue that President Carter and Mrs. Thatcher were on the leading tanks going into Kabul."

At the same time the Soviets were becoming "terrified" at the buildup of American weapons in Europe, American defense theorists were developing analyses with less and less meaning, Edward says. Cases in point, he notes, are the articles on U.S. defense policy for the 1980s appearing in the current *Daedalus*, the journal of the American Academy of the Arts and Sciences.

In the journal, Edward notes, George Quester of Cornell University describes Europe as "like Korea ... a peninsula projecting from the Eurasian land mass, a land mass dominated by the Soviet Union" which can send large military forces on short notice to invade the peninsula.

Quester's assumption of a Europe lying utterly passive and helpless in the face of a Soviet threat is historically false, Edward says. The Visigoths were the last Eurasian group to overrun the continent, he asserts, while in this century, both world wars involved European thrusts into Russia, one of which pushed all the way to Moscow.

Then, Edward comments, Harvard's Michael Nacht offers up the concept of "preemptive deterrence" as a new solution to U.S.-Soviet conflict. Unfortunately, Edward notes, the concept is "as old as Roman and British imperialism" and means nothing more than "moving in before the other chap does" — just as the Soviets did in Afghanistan.

One reason American thought is so impoverished, Edward says, is the American press.

"I think the Atlantic has been growing wider," he comments." It's wider now than it was in 1975 and it's definitely wider than it was in 1968. The degree of misinformation and lack of information is absolutely terrible."

Part of the problem, Dorothy alleges, is "the assumption (among American reporters) that because the main readership of the paper is conservative, they should only report what conservatives in Europe are doing, more or less."

Flora Lewis, a *New York Times* European correspondent, is one example, Edward believes. In a recent letter to Thompson, he says, she explained "when she presented Western European opinion, she felt she only had to report on the opinion of established governments in NATO. Therefore," Edward concludes, "contrary trends of opinion just go unreported."

"But even that doesn't cover what the *New York Times* has suppressed," he continues, and he and Dorothy break into a litany of resistance efforts on both governmental and grassroots levels to the NATO decision:

* Both the Norwegian and Danish governments have refused to allow cruise missiles on their soil.

* The West German Government has said it is no longer obliged to accept cruise missiles since the acceptance was conditional upon serious proposals for reductions in U.S. and Soviet armaments.

* The governments of Belgium and Holland have retreated from their previous plans to accept the new missiles and have put off the decision whether to do so.

* A British workers' movement against the cruise missile has been capped by an agreement among building trades workings that they will not help build cruise missile installations.

* A group of Dutch air force officers has agreed launching nuclear weapons would be a war crime, thereby asserting any orders to do so are illegal and unenforceable.

* Finally, they conclude, a British national poll found 42 percent of the

Continued to page 38

NATO's plans for Europe-based Pershing II and cruise missiles amount to the "exact analogy of the Cuban missile crisis in reverse."

Laura Montgomery

A Look at Health Services

By Martha Celestino

"Who are these people and what are they doing with my flu?"

On a first visit to the UMass/Boston Health Service, many a student might ask this; for in spite of a mandatory health fee levied on all full and part-time students enrolled in a degree program here, less than half of them become familiar enough with it to take advantage of the medical services offered in any given year.

Of those who do not use the Health Service, some feel simply that they do not need any arrangement for health care, because they are seldom sick. They may be unaware of Health Service programs designed to keep healthy people healthy. Others, unfortunately, who walk around with a potentially dangerous medical problem, such as high blood pressure, might view the Health Service only as a place to go for the occasional tummyache or scraped knee. These students may be putting off the much-needed medical attention, not realizing that they can be treated for some chronic problems as well for little or no cost beyond the basic fee paid with the tuition.

The typical commuting student at UMass/Boston, however, may need a good health service more than a student at a residential school, according to Health Service Director, David L. Stockton. In addition to school work, the UMass/Boston student, unlike a dormitory student, contends with the stresses of home or apartment life, he said. In addition, many have full-time jobs. This builds up stressful situations and can result in physical and psychological problems.

Tapping into a Health Care System

A principle part of UMass/Boston's mission is to make higher education available to those in the local community who could not otherwise afford it. "Many students here are from the lower socio-economic levels and have not been conditioned to seek regular health care," said Stockton, "until driven by an acute problem."

Mr. Stockton came here several years ago after five years as an assistant director of Yale-New Haven Hospital, an 800-bed, general and acute care hospital, where he was in charge of ambulatory care. A primary goal of ambulatory care personnel, he said is "to keep patients out of the hospital and, once in, to get them out as soon as possible."

Keeping the patient well and out of the hospital has helped kindle a very keen interest in preventive medicine, self care, and, generally, the whole concept of health promotion. After talking with Health Service staff members, it is apparent that many of them hold this type of philosophy. Keeping people healthy, to them, is infinitely preferable to trying to heal an avoidable illness. The staff seeks to give the patient more opportunity to participate in his/her treatment and overall health care.

Who the Staff are

There are many elements in the operation of the Health Service; no one portion of the staff has sole responsibility for treating students who come through its doors on the second floor of the Administration Building or at the Satellite Clinic on the mezzanine floor of the Park Square Building. The staff includes nurses, nurse-practitioners, physicians with a variety of specialties, a lab technician, a pharmacist, and health educators, as well as the administrative and clerical staff.

"It has to be a whole group working as a group to provide service," said Rita Siragusa, the desk supervisor at Health Service for the last three years. All of the people making the nearly 12,000 visits to the Health Service last year had to go through the front desk, and the "keepers of the gate," as Mrs. Siragusa likes to call the clerks who keep the traffic moving, answer the dozens of phone calls that come in daily, make appointments and deal with the 60 or so people who come into the Health Service every day.

Although patients are strongly encouraged to make appointments to be seen, most of the people using the Health Service on a given day are "walk-ins", who drop in without an appointment. They are worked in among those with appointments and are seen as soon as possible. All patients are required to complete a brief visit form prior to seeing a triage nurse.

Getting "Triaged"

"Triage" is a concept that developed out of the battlefields of World War I and has since become widely used in clinics in a modified form. In the original sense of triage, medics assessed a wounded soldier's condition and assigned a priority for treatment depending on the severity of the wounds. Doctors concentrated on those with the worst wounds who had a chance of surviving them, while the walking wounded were seen later.

Much the same procedure is followed by the triage nurses at Health Service. The nurses see patients on a first-come, first-serve basis, handle the problems they are trained to and refer the remaining ones to the physicians and other appropriate staff. Triage means that a patient with a less serious problem, such as a cold, may have to wait while someone else with a second degree burn is being treated. Most of the Health Service's nurses are nurse practitioners, who have received extra training in the primary care areas, health counseling, and in preventive medicine. This extra training allows them to treat some patients directly rather than having them wait for an appointment with a doctor.

Laura Montgomery

David Stockton

Nurse practitioner Sharon O'Neill, Coordinator of Nursing, explained how this works. "We have protocols to follow. A fair proportion (of the cases) could be seen by nurse practitioners to the satisfaction of both the patient and the practitioner."

The nurses, she said,"practice within the realm of what they feel is comfortable," and are able to treat many of the less serious, but nevertheless, troublesome illnesses that crop frequently in clinical medicine - abdominal pain, infections, "viral things" -using procedures developed with the chief physician and approved by the Director.

Almost all of the medical treatment in the Park Square facility is given by the nurse practitioner; Florence Perry, a physician, visits the facility two afternoons per month. Mrs. Perry feels she is most important "for the little things" for the CPCS students.

The Doctors

Many patients, of course, are referred on to one of the physicians on the staff, of which there are eight, including those practicing general medicine, gynecology, dermatology, and psychiatry.

Dr. Sudha Mehta, one of two gynecologists on the staff, is enthusiastic about her practice here. Like many of the physicians she has a private practice outside the University. When asked what she like about her work here she said, "The best thing is that the patients are young, open-minded and discuss their problems frankly." She also said that her patients here are appreciative, responsive and are willing to learn more about their bodies and the specific health issues facing them.

Dr. Mehta said she feels that continuity of medical care is "no problem" at the Health Service, although none of the physicians is full-time. Every doctor follows a uniform system of charting so that all the important facts on a patient are readily available should the patient have to be seen prior to her/his visit. This is not always the case in private practice, she said, where doctors may follow their own system which can differ significantly from that of another doctor.

In addition, procedures, such as charting, are reviewed every three months at staff meetings to ensure continuity and a uniform level of care, Dr. Mehta said. Support from other staff members is also important. In the case of gynecological services, nurse practitioner Charlotte Herring becomes acquainted with all the patients, providing an extra link between Dr. Mehta and Dr. Sohila Zarandy, the other staff gynecologist. Also patients are encouraged to specify the physician familiar with their case when making appointments, if possible.

Tracking the Germs

Another important member of the health care team is the laboratory technician who operates the on-site laboratory and is equipped to do many of the basic tests ordered by the physicians. Other, more exotic or complex tests are done off campus by a commercial laboratory with which the Health Service has a contract.

"We can do any tests imaginable that a physician would want," said Allison MacLeod, laboratory supervisor. She is a medical technician registered with the American Society of Clinical Pathologists (ASCP).

Typical tests ordered by the physicians and triage nurses include blood tests, such as those done to determine the kinds and numbers of white blood cells, hemoglobin levels, throat cultures, pap smears, pregnancy tests, tests for mononucleosis and other diseases, urine analysis and many others.

All the in-house lab work is paid for under the basic Health Service fee. Most tests performed off campus do cost, but the fees are very reasonable compared to the usual published rates for laboratory tests. A throat culture done under the arrangement costs students $3, while a more ususal charge in the metropolitan area is $10 to $15 for the same test. Sickle cell anemia tests are done through the Boston City Hospital and are free.

Paying for the Extras

The Health Service annually negotiates an optional health insurance plan for UMass/Boston students. This plan covers off-campus laboratory tests as well as other medical care not available in the Health Service, such as x-rays. Students covered under the plan can submit claims directly to the Fred S. James Insurance company. Those students who do not purchase the

Continued to page 39

¿Que Pasa?

By Nelson Azcoar

Quiero empezar de una manera facil y decir que el dia 8 de Febrero se inaguraron las nuevas facilidades atleticas de esta Universidad. "The Catherine Clark Athletic and Recreation Center". Este Centro estara abierto a todos los estudiantes de U.M.B. como tambien para las Comunidades adjacentes a la Universidad.

Esperamos que se haga buen uso de estas facilidades que cuenta con canchas de basketball, futbolito, hockey, danza, ejercicios y una tremenda piscina olimpica con tramplines para saltos ornamentales. Ademas el Centro atletico cuenta con experimentados preparadores fisicos, entrenadores y kinisiologos. Como tambien de toda una variedad de instructores. I Aprovechen !

Tambien aprovecho esta oportunidad para felicitar a los companeros Hispanos recientemente elegidos al nuevo Gobierno Estudiantil (S.A.C.) Ellos son, Maria Colon e Ignacio Espinoza por el Colegio de Artes y Ciencias (CAS) y Margarita Pagan e Ines Suarez por el Colegio Publico y de Servicios Comunales (CPCS). Tambien a Carlos Suarez que sin salir elegido siempre a cooperado con entusiasmo a nuestra causa. Estos estudiantes tendran la gran tarea de representar a la Comunidad y al estudiantado Hispano de esta Universidad. IBuena suerte companerosI

En este articulo quiero agregar que la eliminacion de los Programas Bilingues ha sido un golpe muy duro para la Comunidad Hispana residente como tambien para otros grupos minoritarios bilingues que se beneficiaban con esta clase de programas. Como se ha sostenido y se sostendra la educacion bilingue nos da la oportunidad de "dos caminos para comprender y una sola manera de pensar". La decision del nuevo Gobierno afectara a miles de hijos de trabajadores y emigrantes que se veran desposeidos de este derecho educacional. Lamentablemente el futuro no es de los mas alentadores para las clases minoritarias ya que juntamente con la eliminacion de los programas bilingues, ira tambien la eliminacion de ciertos programas sociales como "CETA" que se encarga de darle entrenamiento a jovenes para futuros empleos. Ademas habran "cortes" en los programas de Seguro Social, Salud, "Food Stamps" y otros que estan en estudio. A estas calamidades podemos agregar que la Proposicion 2 ½ recientemente pasada en Mass., es un eslabon mas a los problemas sociales economicos y politicos que debemos enfrentar en el presente y futuro. La realidad economica de este pais ha llevado al nuevo Gobierno a tomar estas medidas drasticas que desafortunada y calculadamente recaen siempre en el pobre y desposeido. Aunque la pobseza no distingue ninacionalidad, ni cador, ni religion. Estas medidas afectan mas duro a las clases minoritarias, Hispanos, Negros, Asiaticos o los ultimos emigrantes recien llegados.

Nuestra esperanza es que todos los grupos afectados por estas decisiones formemos una fuerza unida y luchemos por nuestros derechos y futuro. I El derecho de la sobrevivencial I El duturo de una Vivienda, Salud y EducationI

Finalmente les quiero recordar que si tienen poesias, cuentos cortos o un articulo politico lo envien a la direccion de esta revista donde trataremos de publicarlos. Wavelength Magazine Edificio 010-6-091

I Hasta la proxima I

A Case for Career Change

By Leona Gibbs

The day had not really begun. I had barely brought a cup of coffee to my lips. In some far corner of my mind shame stood triumphant, for my hair was not yet brushed. I had deemed caffeine more important than vanity that morning. We sat half out of focus, trying to wake up when the call came in.

"Ambulance 14, respond to an armed robbery, 1600 Soldiers Field Road. Meet the police." We rose, clattering cups of coffee down. My partner, muttering at eggs not touched, crammed one strip of bacon into his mouth as we moved toward the street. Over the portable radio strapped to my belt came a scratchy, "Ambulance 14, police now confirming incident - Question of gunshot wounds."

We reached the ambulance in seconds. I was driving that day and threw the lights on. We turned the volume of the radio inside the truck up to maximum, hoping to hear any updates over the blare of the siren.

In minutes, we pulled into the parking lot at *Sammy White's Bowling Alley*. Someone stood pointing to the left at the driveway leading to the rear of the building. I noticed a television camera propped up on shoulders as we came to a stop. Small flashes of light hit our eyes from cameras and told us that this was no phony call.

My partner disappeared into the doorway while I went to the back of the ambulance for equipment. I bumped my way down the narrow corridor with arms full of portable oxygen, suction and my medical bag. Halfway there, my partner reappeared and asked for the bolt-cutters. He saw my hands were full and darted around me to fetch it himself. A few more yards brought me to a room not much wider than the corridor. It contained my "patients" and the most gory spectacle I'd ever witnessed.

Oceans of blood made up the carpet in this death chamber. A jagged chain of four bodies stretched across the length of the room. One man alone labored to breathe, and the sound of him permeated everything.

A deafening pandemonium of words clanged in my head as though some cartoon character had clapped a pair of cymbals to my ears. Mercifully, one word rose swiftly among the others doing battle in my head. That one word commanded me simply; Function!

My partner had already laid claim to the one patient still living. I knew my task was left to an empty gesturing of triage. I knelt beside the first hulk that was once a man. Handcuffs locked his arms behind him, leaving him face down in a pool of his own blood. I lifted his head up to check for any signs of life, or any sign that this might be a body potentially worth bringing back to life. I lowered his head, returning it to the ooze that had already begun to gel.

My hand reached for the radio and keyed the microphone. Another battle began in my throat, but a voice just short of shaking sounded "Operations, this is Ambulance 14, continue sending the paramedics in. There are four victims here, only one breathing." I rose, stepping over the body I'd just examined.

My partner had managed to snap the handcuffs off the young man whose irregular breathing filled the room. I slid past them to view the two remaining bodies. One lay supine, long dark hair framed a face young and blue. Portions of his brain lay beside him. The last body was older. I drew back an eyelid to find it stiff and resistant. A clouded eye with dilated pupil stared nowhere. I turned back to my partner and we nodded in silent agreement. I ran back to get the stretcher.

That day three men died on the scene, and one more in the emergency room at St. Elizabeth's Hospital. I have had plenty of time to examine my feelings about those murders. I came up with a fearful but not unexpected finding. Beyond that initial shock appears to be very little. It is very disturbing to discover an insensitivity so huge in myself.

The constant exposure I have had to people's misfortunes of illness or injury has left me numb. I am able to view those tragedies in Brighton intellectually from many angles. On an emotional level I come up empty.

It is reported there is a rate of five years in which emergency medical technicians and paramedics, involved in street work, lose a certain psychological endurance. It is known as the "burn out syndrome". I approach my fifth year this coming January.

Eric Stanway

WE UNDERSTOOD

Pinned by the VC gunners,
Gracie was the first to rush.
Both he and they scored.
Gallant moved to him
through worse than what had brought Gracie down
while we silenced the guns.
He worked on him for twenty minutes, then twenty more,
mumbling, "Live, you bastard", between breaths,
while Bugs and I plugged the holes in him.
When he gave up,
he kicked Gracie's slack jaw.
We understood.

David V. Connolly

GRAVES REGISTRATION - 12 DECEMBER, 1969
Long Khanh, RVN, Blackhorse Forward Basecamp

Christmas presents,
neatly wrapped and stacked,
a nightmare surprise
from the place where there are no silent nights.

David V. Connolly

AFTER THE FIREFIGHT

Afterwards, with the gunfire still ringing loudly in our ears,
but not so loudly that it drowns out the screams;
and afterwards, still blinded by the tracers' flashes,
but not blinded enough from the pumping or sucking or gaping wounds;
we come to our senses, what senses are left.
When the rush of adrenalin,
and the haste to stop the life from spilling out of a brother,
and the hesitancy to touch what was human,
is over;
we all strut and brag and bluster for each other.
Later, we will weep, separately, for the little that is left of us.
Much later, we will weep, together, when nothing appears to be left.

David V. Connolly

VIETNAM MEMORIAL CAMPAIGN

UMASS/BOSTON APRIL 6-10

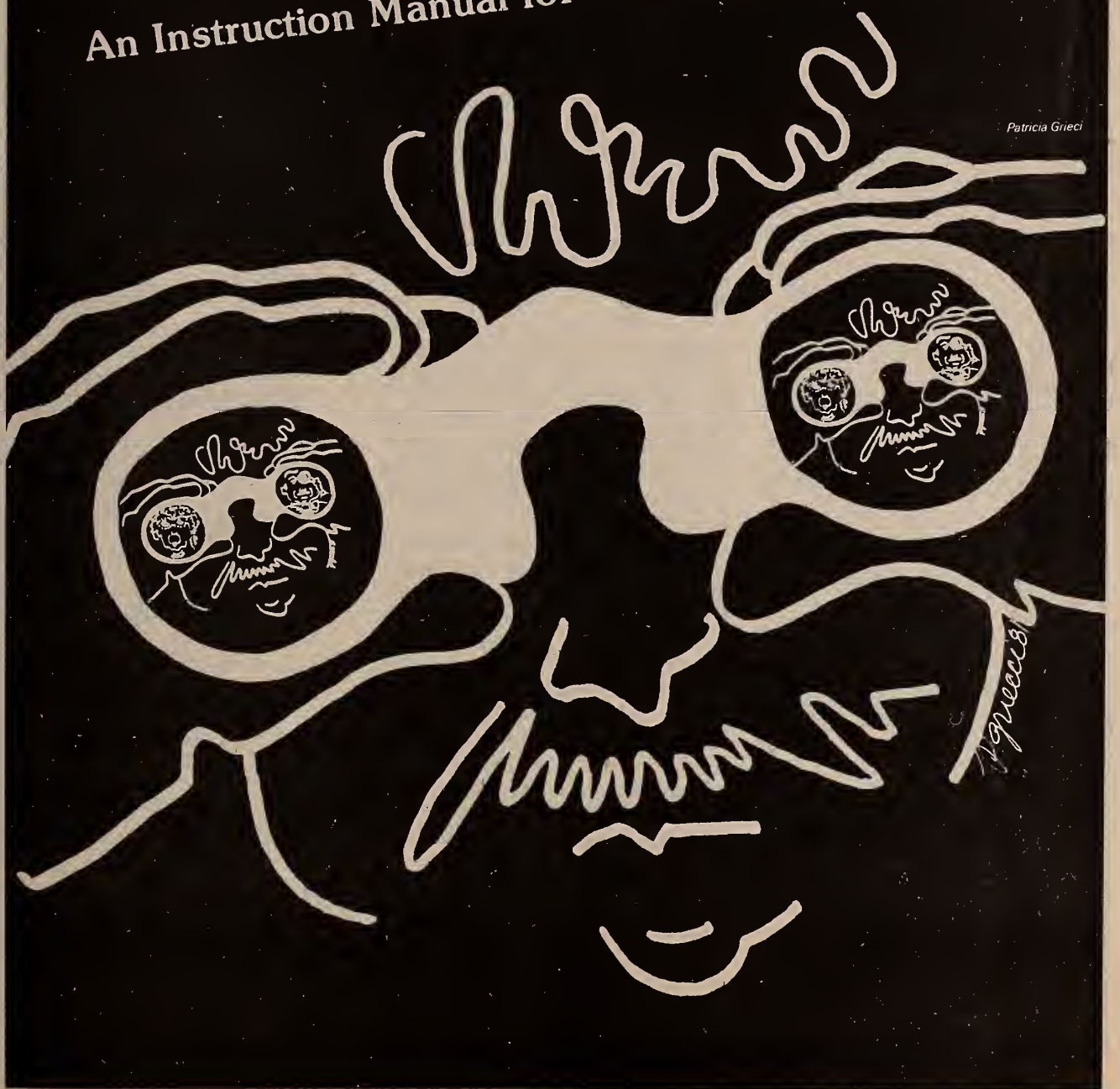
In order to raise funds to build a National Monument in Washington D·C· in tribute of the 57,963 fallen brothers and sisters who died in Vietnam, the University of Massachusetts at Boston, in cooperation with the Vice-Chancellor's office of Student Affairs will be sponsering a University-wide fund drive April 6-10.

Watch for further details!!

advertising space donated in support of Vietnam Vets.

How to Spot a Campus Radical

An Instruction Manual for Neophyte CIA Agents



Patricia Grieci

How to Spot a Campus Radical: Operation UMB Instruction Manual for Neophyte C.I.A. Agents

By Bonzo Special agent to the White House

In today's world things are not always what they seem. One must be able to spot the tiny differences that separate the average UMass/Boston student from the dangerous Stalinites that live in the garage eating borscht and mumbling about the good old days in Belgrade.

It is important to know who stands where in the political spectrum because if you should by accident accept an invitation out, you might find yourself chained to the gates of a major international corporation chanting, "Nabisco deals death, Nabisco deals death!"

Every campus has its elite core of radicals and UMass/Boston is no exception. In fact intelligence reports indicate that this particular university has more radicals than our beloved leader has jellybeans. If you thought the only place to find radicals on the campus was at the Karl Marx Catwalk and Newspaper Stand (020/2/lobby) then you haven't been very observant.

This species of student is everywhere, in the halls, in the classrooms, and even, of all places, in the Administration Building where they enjoy vacationing in the Chancellor's outer office.

It's easy enough to spy radicals roaming the campus. They're the ones who walk up the left side of the stairs, stand on the left side of the elevator, sit on the left side of the classroom, and talk out of the left side of their mouths; in fact they participate in any activity with a left side to it.

If you are still confused as to what a dangerous radical looks like the following information will help you on your assignment.

Clothes

The easiest way to spot radicals in a crowded corridor or classroom is by their manner of dress. The key to the radical dress code is the working-class layered-look. A three piece suit or a designer dress never touches their bodies as these are (in their minds) symbols of capitalistic wealth and are considered a desecration of the radical ideology to look poor, be poor, and most important perhaps, be oppressed. To obtain the working-class layered-look takes no fashion sense at all, the tackier the better. The mainstay of the radical dress code is the ever functional pair of dungarees.

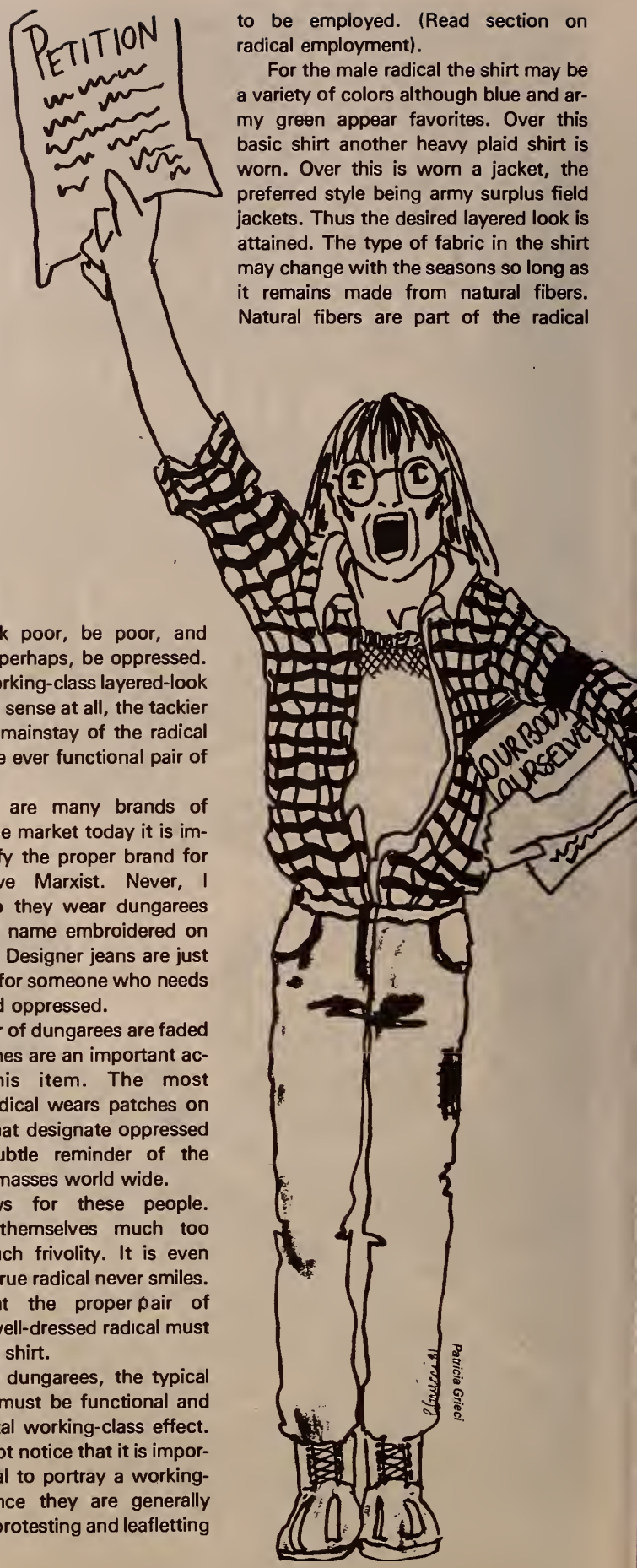
Since there are many brands of dungarees on the market today it is imperative to clarify the proper brand for the on-the-move Marxist. Never, I repeat never do they wear dungarees with someone's name embroidered on the rear pocket. Designer jeans are just too bourgeoisie for someone who needs to look poor and oppressed.

The ideal pair of dungarees are faded and worn. Patches are an important accessory to this item. The most sophisticated radical wears patches on his/her pants that designate oppressed countries: a subtle reminder of the struggle of the masses world wide.

No rainbows for these people. Radicals take themselves much too seriously for such frivolity. It is even rumored that a true radical never smiles. To complement the proper pair of dungarees the well-dressed radical must wear the proper shirt.

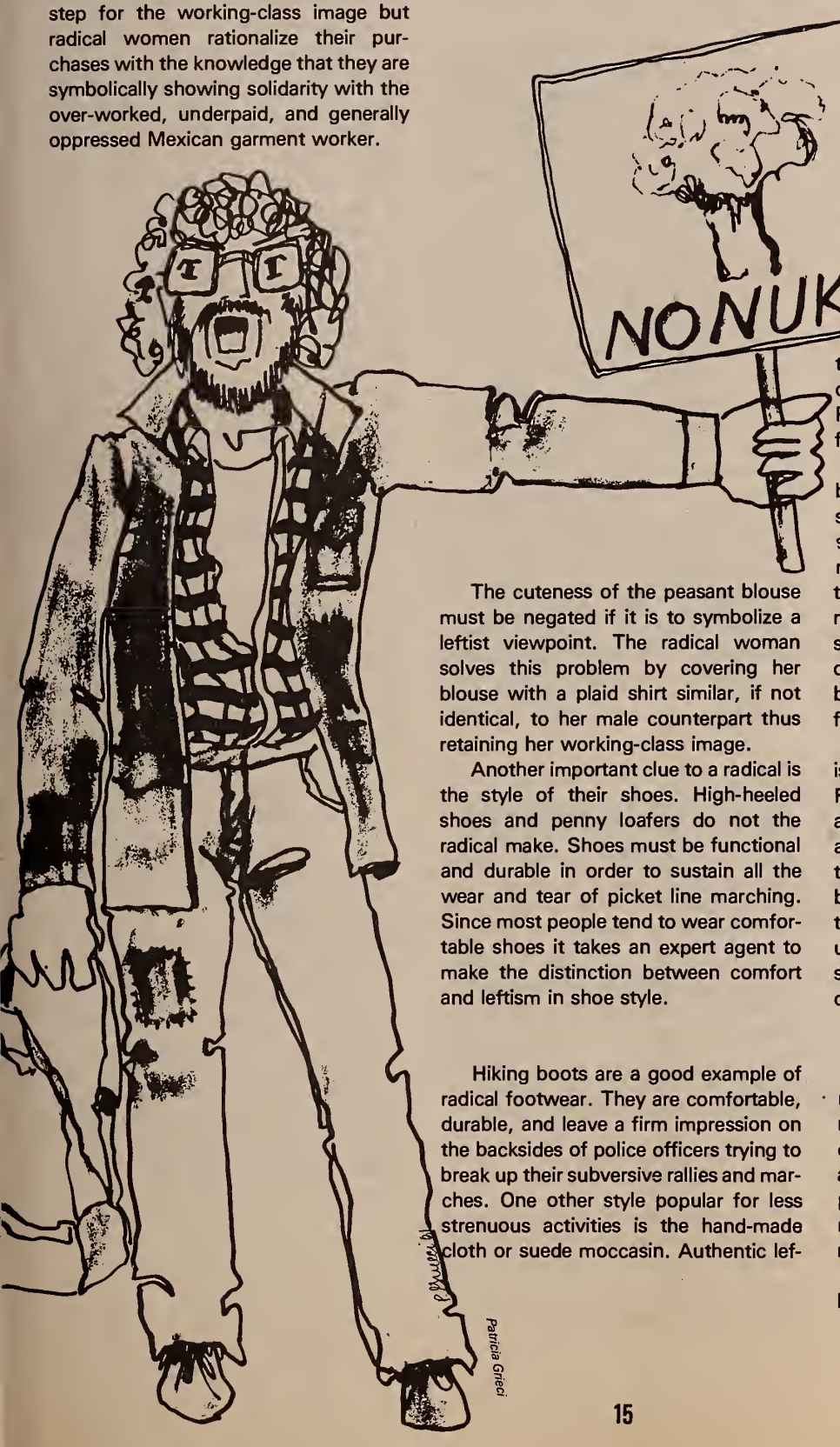
As with the dungarees, the typical shirt or blouse must be functional and enhance the total working-class effect. You will no doubt notice that it is important for a radical to portray a working-class image since they are generally much too busy protesting and leafletting to be employed. (Read section on radical employment).

For the male radical the shirt may be a variety of colors although blue and army green appear favorites. Over this basic shirt another heavy plaid shirt is worn. Over this is worn a jacket, the preferred style being army surplus field jackets. Thus the desired layered look is attained. The type of fabric in the shirt may change with the seasons so long as it remains made from natural fibers. Natural fibers are part of the radical



ideology as they are harder to come by, cost more, and further illustrate man's struggle to clothe himself.

Radical women do not differ substantially from their male counterparts when it comes to shirts. Most of them prefer 100 percent natural cotton in their blouses which must be peasant style and imported from Mexico. Imported clothing might seem a bit out of step for the working-class image but radical women rationalize their purchases with the knowledge that they are symbolically showing solidarity with the over-worked, underpaid, and generally oppressed Mexican garment worker.



Patricia Grieci

The cuteness of the peasant blouse must be negated if it is to symbolize a leftist viewpoint. The radical woman solves this problem by covering her blouse with a plaid shirt similar, if not identical, to her male counterpart thus retaining her working-class image.

Another important clue to a radical is the style of their shoes. High-heeled shoes and penny loafers do not the radical make. Shoes must be functional and durable in order to sustain all the wear and tear of picket line marching. Since most people tend to wear comfortable shoes it takes an expert agent to make the distinction between comfort and leftism in shoe style.

Hiking boots are a good example of radical footwear. They are comfortable, durable, and leave a firm impression on the backsides of police officers trying to break up their subversive rallies and marches. One other style popular for less strenuous activities is the hand-made cloth or suede moccasin. Authentic leftist moccasins are purchased only from other leftists who have abandoned their PhD's in Bio-Chemical Nuclear Research for the simpler life of a country cobbler.

Unfortunately most of these cobblers live in the city to be near the institutions they love to hate. By now you should be well on the way to spotting a radical-leftist by his/her dress. If not there are a few tell-tale signals to remember. Hair can be a good indication since it tends to be long and windblown on both sexes. Males frequently wear beards in an effort to hide their features from hidden CIA cameras.

The only time a radical has short hair is when they are trying to infiltrate Republican Party meetings. The final and most obvious sign of a radical is the armband. No radical ever leaves home in the morning without the versatile armband which is worn in support of causes too numerous to mention. Since all of us have to eat, certain foods are consumed by radicals that many other's don't eat.

FOOD

Radicals like to dine with other radicals. They stay away from the big name restaurants frequented by capitalist stockbrokers, businessmen, and other low-life. As with clothes, they prefer natural foods so all health food restaurants are possible centers of radical activity.

Watching radicals at eating time can be an interesting sight. Because most

leftists refuse to eat the flesh of dead animals, vegetables play an important role in their diet. Brown rice is the staple around which meals are prepared.

The radical student on the UMass/Boston campus can be found eating at Earth Foods in College I. This is the place where campus radicals may gather over a bowl of brown rice with a tofu and tomato sandwich to discuss the day's struggles.

Often after a meal they watch the "alternative" movie of the week at Earth Foods. It's frequently quite touching to observe the reactions of the radicals as they watch scenes of nuclear waste dumps on the big screen. Some of them, unable to deal with the horror before their eyes, try to erase the depressing sight by drowning their sorrows in large mugs of apple juice. Needless to say, many do not believe in liquor and cigarette smoking. Never attempt to search for radicals in a smoke filled pub. If health food keeps the radical body going than politics keeps the radical mind active.

POLITICS

It is the quest for money and power that drives capitalistic systems on to higher and higher degrees of oppression. Radicals must have a firm grasp of these subjects in order to plot the most successful method of overthrowing the foul system. Your average campus radical takes over 100 political science and economics courses while in college. Among the more popular radical courses given in a semester are:

Politics 333: *19th century political history (the great imperialist conspiracy).*

Politics 456: *Revolutionary politics (the ramifications of saying "let them eat cake").*

Politics 500: *The causes and leaders of revolutions in modern history (Marx and sparks).*

Politics 222 & 223: *Political speeches (how to use the words change, suffering, capitalistic, bourgeoisie, and proletariat five times in the same sentence and make it sound meaningful.)*

Economics 897: *Planned economies (how to live with shortages during the five year plan).*

Biology 777: *Organic Matter (how to crossbreed your own bean sprouts).*

Art 615: *Lines and Images (current motifs in protest signs).*

Engineering 905: *Deconstruction (mob dismantling of nuclear power plants).*

World Geography 101: *Little known places (where to go when they drop the big one).*

These are just a few samples of a typical radical course load. Rest assured that any course containing the words Marx, Lenin, Feminist, or Alternative will also have a large radical enrollment. The result of so many political science courses is naturally political involvement.

Political causes take up much of the radical student's study time. "Human rights for jailed Dissidents" attracts a large radical following, as does "The Situation in Northern Ireland," "The War in El Salvador," and "Stopping the Construction of Nuclear Power Plants." But it is the tiny, hidden pockets of oppression around the world that radicals love to bring to attention.

All it takes is for five Tibetan sheep herders to get short changed a day's pay to mobilize the radical into marching and rallying in their behalf. It's a comfort to know that no matter where you are, no matter what your problem is, somewhere in the world there is a radical waving a sign and marching on your behalf.

You may wonder how to spot a radical student or a student of radicalism outside the confines of a college campus. If our own UMB radicals are any indication, most never graduate. Let's face it: after four years of college it's hard to leave the nest. In the big world there are just too many choices to make that might dampen the radical flame as you try to pay your rent. Very few radicals can survive the working world without delving into some form of capitalistic enterprise. Just what does a radical do once they leave college?

CAREER OPTIONS

As I stated before, most radicals try to remain unemployed. This leaves plenty of free time for marching and rallying. Radicals who have received their post doctorate degrees often stand the chance of being employed in positions that are above working-class level. Radicals who earn a lot of money have the reputation of selling out or at least become untrustworthy.

It's very hard to convince a striking factory worker that he can survive the strike when you show up in a Mercedes Benz from your condo in Cambridge.

Most radicals who have to work for a living choose alternative occupations.

A radical who decides he/she wants to be more than a professional student may decide to become a political fugitive. This occupation allows one to travel, meet interesting people who share your ideas, and become an expert at disguises. Many well-known radicals of the 1960's entered this field to further their political causes.

Unfortunately, when you remain a fugitive for an extended period of time the public forgets who you are, who you are hiding from, and why you went into hiding in the first place. If obscurity is not your intention, there are other areas of employment which allow for much public exposure. A consumer advocate is a position that allows the graduated radical to shine. Here the acquired talents of protesting and leafleting are an asset.

Other radicals make their statement to the world by entering some obscure field, such as stagecoach driving. Since there are few jobs for stagecoach drivers in today's world, a radical in this position has not only made his statement to the universe but remained technically unemployed to pursue pet causes.

Some of the other, more popular fields of employment for radicals include: candle-maker, cobbler, farmer, and manager of a food co-op. Since a radical may blend into any "alternative" type of employment, it is best to leave this type of radical watching to more advanced radical agents.

This brief study of radicals should help you our neophyte C.I.A. agents operate effectively on the UMass/Boston campus. Until you receive further instructions you are to remain close to the Karl Marx Catwalk and Newspaper Stand. And remember you stand for mom, apple pie, and the American way.

Half Moon

By Suzanne MacNary

The photograph was taken by my father on our front lawn in Half Moon, New York. He had one of those funny old cameras called a Brownie and was forever taking my picture at all the wrong times.

This particular day in 1959 was a Saturday, and the reason I know for sure is because my uncle Pep is standing right there next to me in his black baseball cap and old white sweatshirt. He is smiling as usual. My leg is bent impatiently at the knee and my Keds are untied. Strands of my smart pony tail hang in my face, barely distinguishable behind the squint.

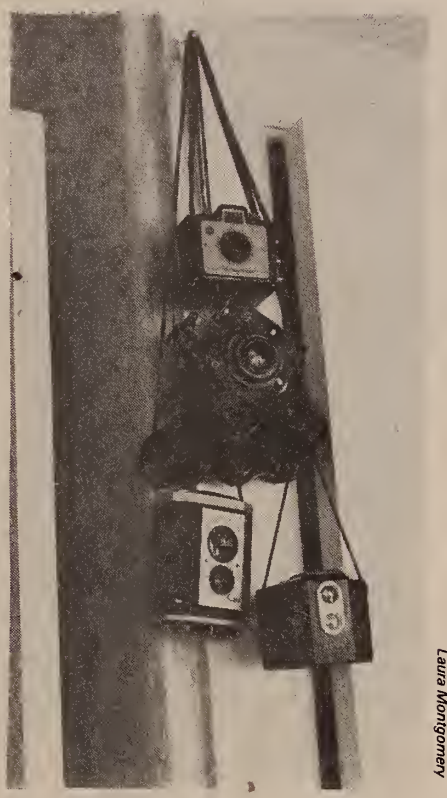
My uncle Pep's business was juke boxes. He owned a slew of them in upstate New York and the first Saturday of every month I went with him while he changed the songs and collected the money.

"Ya like that song, Suzie?" he would ask me. If I did, he'd leave it on so I could play it the next time. He kept Alvin and the Chipmunks' Christmas song on for months just to hear me sing the line about the hula hoop.

Everyone loved Pep. I'd get cherry cokes and he'd get Genesee Cream Ale everywhere we went, and they'd say, "Pep, it's on the house." All the bartenders knew me but they teased me all the time. "Who's that pretty little lady with you, Pep?" they'd ask. He'd say I was his sweetheart and I'd turn red and start laughing until my cherry coke would fizz out my nose. Pep would slap his knee and say I was the silliest thing he ever saw.

He was my greatest pal. Even when I went to Junior High and I felt all stupid because my legs were too long and my chest was beginning to grow, when I was with Uncle Pep it all seemed okay. I could count on our standing date - first Saturday of the month, "Come hell, high water, or a snowfall in July".

I guess I mostly remember the winters. They last forever so far upstate-cold and long and lonely for everyone.



Laura Montgomery

One freezing Saturday(the first in March) the old red truck pulled into the driveway and Uncle Pep tooted the horn for me. I ran out to meet him, dressed in my warmest clothes and wearing my brand new rabbit fur mittens.

We rambled slowly toward our first stop, the Silver Cafe, and the truck was running real bad. About a half a mile outside of town, it gave one huge bang and stopped.

"Damn!" yelled Pep. "You stay here Suzie - I'll hop out and fix her-least try to..."

He was gone a long time. I listened to the radio, but I didn't like any of the songs, and I admired my mittens, and I tried to be patient, but finally I was just plain cold. I clicked off the radio and yelled for him. Silence. I knew something was terribly wrong.

I climbed out of the cab and there was Uncle Pep - just lying there - but his eyes were open and blue as Lake George in the summertime. I didn't say a word; I just looked at the telephone poles and the ache of barren road and the clear gray New York State skyline.

Then I began to cry.

UMass/Boston is bursting with creativity.
Send some up to Wavelength.
We need fiction, poetry, art

010/6/091

Dan Wakefield Comes "Home"

Renowned Author Returns to UMB

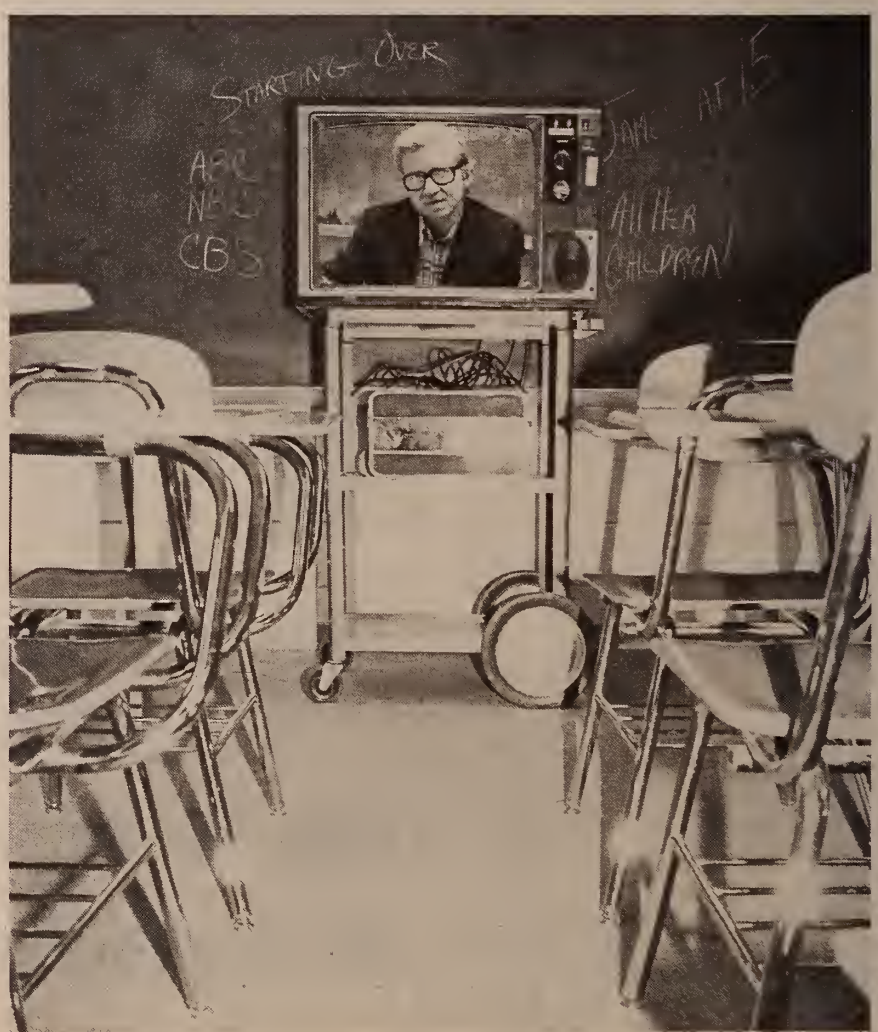
By Tracy Campbell

Dan Wakefield, the renowned journalist, the acclaimed novelist, and the innovative television writer, has returned to the city he loves. While here in Boston, Wakefield decided to "relocate" his "roots". Some of these roots have been traced to UMass Boston, where he taught during its first year of existence, and where he now teaches a course entitled, *The Literature of Television.*

In the fall of 1965, when the Park Square UMB campus opened, Dan Wakefield became a part-time member of the UMass English faculty. Since the campus had just opened, Mr. Wakefield taught the only type of English course there was: Freshman English. But during his second year of teaching, he invented a creative writing course. And after teaching one year of fiction, article, and essay writing, he resigned.

In 1967 the *Atlantic Monthly,* a magazine for which Wakefield did a lot of writing during his part-time teaching career, had asked him to write a poll article about the effect of the Vietnam War on this country. Realizing he would need time to travel in order to write the article, Wakefield temporarily abandoned his teaching career. But as a result of resigning from UMass, and travelling around the country for a year, interviewing hundreds of people, came Wakefield's "last and biggest" journalistic piece of writing, *Supernation at Peace and War:* a type of writing, says Wakefield, that he does not miss doing.

Last spring, after living in Los Angeles for two and one-half years, Wakefield returned to Boston, and eventually to UMB. Although Wakefield has



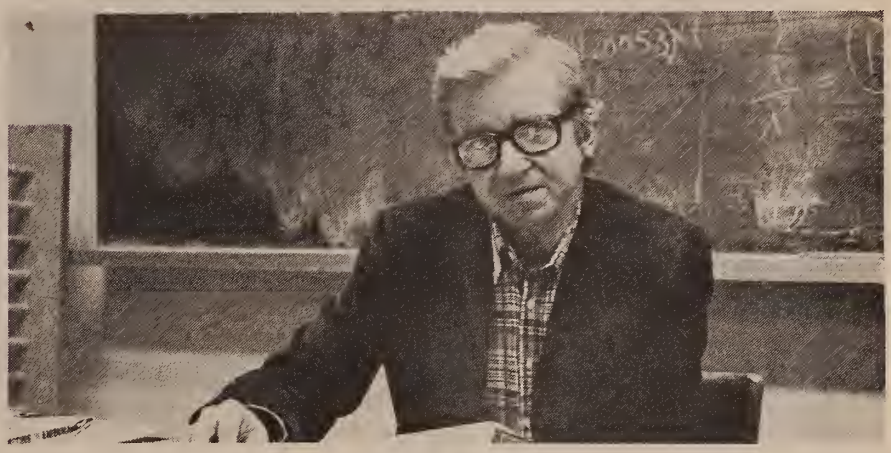
Stephanie Romanos

taught at the University of Iowa, the University of Illinois, and Boston University, he thinks of the UMass/Boston campus as "home, as far as any University goes". Thus, when Wakefield decided that he would like to teach again, he decided it would be best of all to do it here. But even though Wakefield says he enjoys teaching, and even though he feels that UMB is like home, he does not plan on coming back next year. "The idea," he says, "was to come and do this one course in the spring, and to see what happens from there."

The course Wakefield presently teaches is *The Literature of Television.* As the title of the course implies, Wakefield believes, at least in several senses, that there is literature contained in television. One reason he gives for this theory is that novels of good quality (ie. *Roots, Richman Poorman*) get made into T.V. movies. Another reason, Wakefield claims, is that the Dickens and Trollope magazine serials of the nineteenth century have a lot in common with the T.V. serials of the twentieth century. For example, he points out that serial patrons both past and present look for the same type of entertainment qualities, which both magazine and T.V. serials did and do provide. But even though Wakefield admits that a lot of T.V. literature is not good quality, he still believes that for better or for worse, T.V. is a part of what literature is today, "it's part of what is story-telling, and what is entertainment".

One of Wakefield's fantasies, admits the writer, is creating a new soap opera. Although he has yet to fulfill this fantasy, he has written a book *(All Her Children)* about one of his "all time favorite" daytime dramas - *All My Children.* Although, like most ABC soap opera fans, Wakefield watches "one or the other, off and on, at least a couple of times a week", he does not, unlike most ABC soap opera fans, care for *General Hospital.* The reason, says Wakefield, "is that if I start watching them up until the time *General Hospital* is on (3:00), then I know I must be in a bad state". Yet even though Wakefield daydreams about writing his own afternoon drama, he does not think it is likely to happen because of the tremendous amount of work involved.

As far as the quality of soap operas go, Wakefield feels that "when the good soaps are good, the writing and the acting is better than most of what you'd see on night-time T.V." He also feels that those night-time shows which imitate the soaps really don't do it as well and that it will also take them a long time to learn how the day-time people do it. Appearing to be somewhat biased towards soap operas, Wakefield further defends their quality by saying that, "a lot of people who hate soap operas have never really watched them, so they don't know what the appeal is".



Stephanie Romanos

Although Wakefield enjoys teaching, he is most committed to a committment he has had since when he was about nine. Such things as art and math, in his grammar school days, were a "great mystery" to him, and thus, he "naturally moved into reading, and liked it a lot". His dedication to writing revealed itself. Throughout high school, as well as college, as Wakefield worked on his school's daily newspapers. During the summers of those years, his newspaper work continued. As a professional writer, Wakefield's diligent work revealed its high quality. In 1963-1964, Wakefield received the Neiman Fellowship in journalism, given by Harvard University. Yet even though the early portion of Wakefield's writing career consisted mostly of works in journalism, he had always wanted to write fiction. And since his first novel, *Going All the Way (1970),* he has, for the most part, abandoned journalism and written fiction.

The creation of the T.V. series James at Fifteen expanded his popularity among the ordinary public. Wakefield not only wrote the two-hour pilot movie for James at Fifteen, but also wrote two original scripts. As official "story consulant", he worked on virtually all of them. The show lasted only one full season (twenty shows), and Wakefield regrets that it went off the air. But looking back, he comments that it was almost "miraculous" the show lasted as long as it did, or that it even got on the air.

Wakefield began research for his T.V. script creation in Boston High schools, sitting in on classrooms and talking to teens. Out of these observations and discussions, says Wakefield, came the character of James. As a result of a discussion with one young man who was on a swim team, came the resolution of how to keep James active without putting him on a football field. Even though Wakefield did not want his character "siting in a corner", he did not want him to be running the yard lines either; Wakefield thus invented James the swimmer.

Those who were fans of, or familiar with, the series *James at Fifteen,* probably remember the controversy regarding the episode when James, at sixteen, loses his virginity. The controversy consisted of conflicting viewpoints about how to end the episode. According to Wakefield the idea of James losing his virginity was not his but the network's. Furthermore, it had been mutually agreed upon that if Wakefield was to write that episode, it would deal with the subject of adolescent sex "frankly". Yet, when he wrote the script, the censors didn't like Wakefield's portrayal.

When Wakefield used 'responsibility' as a euphemism (James says to the girl, "Are you responsible?' and she says,

Continued to page 40

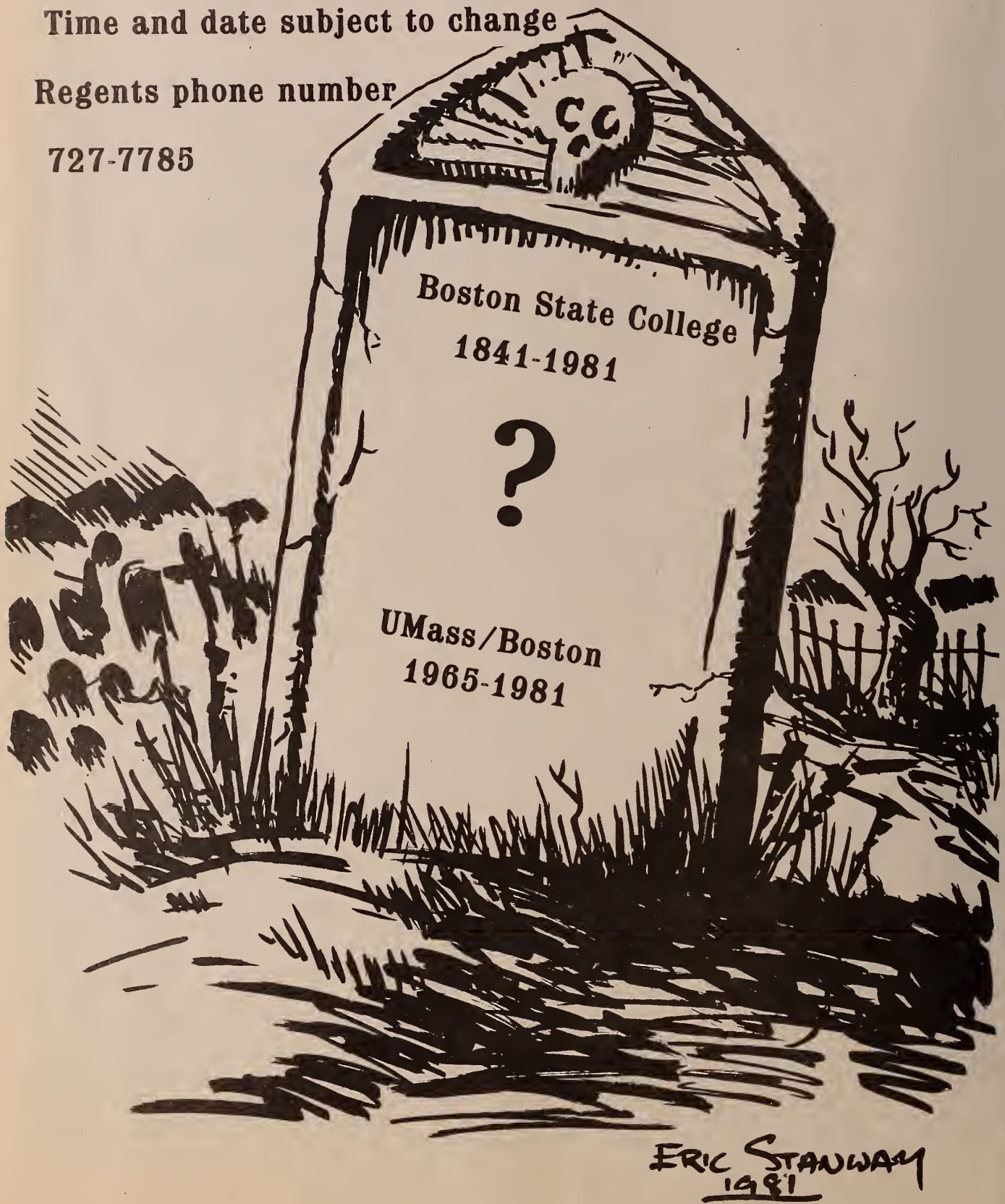
Regents Task Force Meeting

April 10th 12:30 pm. Rm. 601 McCormack Building

Time and date subject to change

Regents phone number

727-7785



Eric Stanway

Reorg: No more "nationalism", on with the FIGHT.

by Donna Neal and Ken Tangvik

In the near future, the Board of Regents will decide the fate of Boston State College and UMass/Boston. The newly formed Board of Regents is dominated by members of the Massachusetts High Technology Council. The High Tech Council, which thrives on ever-increasing U.S. Defense Department weapons contracts, was also the prime sponsor of Proposition 2 1/2 — a proposition that has dealt a crippling blow to education in this state.

We, the students and consumers of the State's public higher education system have had no voice in the proposed merger. The regents have been treating the student population at both UMass/Boston and Boston State like children who do not know what is best for them. The regents' supposition that only they have the answer and know what is best is highly insulting since most of the students at both institutions are mature taxpayers and voters of the Commonwealth. The regents' lack of sensitivity to educational needs is illustrated by their emphasis on high-tech and management programs at a time when the national trend is towards liberal arts. Our education should not be decided by members of a finite segment of the state's industrial market. Therefore, it is extremely important that students, faculty, and staff from both UMB and Boston State begin to work together and organize immediately at a grass-roots level in order to protect the future of public higher education.

The manner in which the future of Boston State and UMass/Boston has been debated in recent months has been anything but positive for the students who have to bear the burden of the regent's decision. The merger debate has done little more than create and stir-up UMass/Boston and Boston State "patriotism." This banner waving of institutional pride has been about as productive as ABC's *Night-Line* encouraging all "good Americans" to attack Iranians. The banners only obscure what should be the real issues; the continued quality of education, the maintenance of the urban mission and equal access to all. The scene at the recent statehouse hearings where "representatives" of the two institutions attacked each other in an antagonistic and competitive manner was destructive in that the real issues were lost in the mud of the "nationalistic" rhetoric used on both sides. Our concerns at UMB are no different from those of our sisters and brothers at Boston State.

Here at UMass/Boston, we must drop the existing stylish elitist attitude and approach members of the Boston State community as equals. We must remember that our goal is not only what name is on our diploma, but also the quality of education we receive.

Recently, there has been some positive signs at the grass-roots level. A handful of students from both Boston State and UMass/Boston have begun meeting to work out a collective merger program that suits both institutions and would be worth fighting for. We see this as the first step towards a sensible merger agreement that genuinely reflects the interest of urban public higher education in Massachusetts.

Some of the agreements worked out by the join t committee are the following:

* No faculty or staff lay-offs at UMB and Boston State
* No loss of current programs from either institution
* Maintain strong affirmative action programs
* No decrease in minority enrollment
* Boston State and UMB as equal partners in the merger process
* Any student who is in good standing at present would be allowed to remain in the university
* No decrease in the availability of opportunities for degree-seeking students
* Students, faculty, and staff having a say in implementing the merger through a committee with student, faculty, and staff representation which would oversee the merger.
* Keep current Boston State facilities as part of the new university.

We applaud the agreements worked out between the Boston State and UMass/Boston students. This proves that we can transcend competitive "nationalism" and that there are sensible people who are willing to organize and fight for our education in spite of the dictatorial attitude of the regents.

Let's go fight — TOGETHER!!!

Opinion

To the next ten years at UMB ... A strickly off-the-cuff Commentary

By Sherry Thomas
Class of 1972
Director of Student Information Services

"When the going gets tough, the tough get going..." or some such quotation as I recollect from some obsequious teacher of my pre-college days. I think it was public speaking class junior year, enscribed on one of those large poster boards hung behind the podium with script support mottos for all the jittery students about to undergo the major life experience of speaking before the class. "When the going gets tough... (Gets tough? Been down so long it looks like up...), the tough get going... (It's called keep on keeping on...).

Nineteen eighty-one. The Tough Get Going. UMass/Boston, alma mater fidelitas, another period of transition. Reorganization. The marriage of UMass/Boston and Boston State.

I remember "Wordsworth, Hardy, Yeats, and Frost" a la Nelson in the Hale Lounge on raindown Thursday afternoons, with Duncan presenting songs and roses for all on the first sunny day of Spring. It was 1972, Park Square. The *Mass Media* staff owned stock in Gatsby's, and the newly created college deans' offices did likewise in The Captain's Bar in the Statler Hilton. Who would have conceived that in 1981 the English Offices in Hale would house the Back Bay Racquetball Club, or that our library would be the "Plaza Castle?" A decade of change. In the Spring of 1972 the University was divided into two colleges to allow smaller administrative units optimum opportunity to develop the study of Liberal Arts with unique emphases.

CPCS' first Dean, John Strange, was hired that Spring to begin the planning for a national model in competency-based certificate education in the public services.

University Senate debates focused upon the impending move of the campus to Columbia Point, with Faculty Co-Chairperson Donald Babcock and Student Co-Chairperson Manny Trillo showing that unicameral governance can work. Dick Hogarty (now of CPCS), Jake Getson, and *Mass Media* News Editor Bud Snyder studied and probed the "CISG Report," the Campus Impact Study Group's Report on the Effects of the Move of the University to Columbia Point.

The Child Care Center had just been borne using space in the YWCA at 140 Clarendon. These were the good olde days, when students elected class officers and received their actual diplomas on Commencement Day. Hard-hat tours of the new facilities were a hot item in the Fall of '73, and the Security Review Committee studied the issue of "guns and butter" as the Department of Public Safety was created for protection of people and property at our new home. The A-V Department was soon to become the Center for Media Development, with thanks to the Commonwealth's capital outlay money. The *Mass Media* Press gave up their IBM typesetters, and two out of three infant colleges left Park Square for the bay.

It wasn't long before Dean Richard Freeland opened the doors of then "College IV" with a curricula in management and professional studies based on a solid liberal Arts foundation. As changing administrations brought new priorities for the other three colleges, Colleges I and II were reunited in the mid 70's to form the College of Arts and Sciences, a further reshuffling of people and programs. And as the late 70's brought "frozen and diminishing" budgets, the three colleges competed for the same shrinking dollars. New growth opened graduate programs to enhance the breadth and scope of our academic offerings.

In the Summer of 1979 Robert Corrigan brought the stability to the Chancellor's office for which the campus had yearned for some time. During his administration Chancellor Corrigan has strengthened, streamlined, and expanded our University programs, resources, and services, and it may seem that just as the campus is reaffirming its "terra firma" standing, reorganization is upon us and the merry-go-round continues.

Change forces growth, examination, reassessment. The changes UMass/Boston will undergo in absorbing Boston State will, no doubt, be significant. But as we review the perspectives over the past ten years, the changes which the University has experienced have brought strength and redefined purpose to our public, urban mission. As an urban University center UMass/Boston will join efforts and resources with our counterparts at Boston State to form structures and procedures for the maximum utilization of the Commonwealth's educational

Continued to page 41

Conversation among Objects in a Room

She's left the room, thank god.
Now we can begin.

Your first.
Please introduce yourself.

A fleck of dust, made dizzy
by falling and turning
under harsh lamplight,
waiting and dreading to land
but never landing.
Oh, this falling, falling,
endless falling
is dreadful.
It makes me nauseous,
seasick, carsick.
Give me Dramamine
or Maalox!
I don't know where I'm falling from
or where I'll hit.
It's been ages, this fall.
I shall see generations pass
and history unfold
before I land.

You Sir?
(Or is it Ma'am?)

I don't know yet
to be quite honest.
I'm an alabaster egg—
gender not determined just yet.
I rest on the windowsill,
waiting, maturing,
gestating endlessly
I think when I hatch,
I shall be a creature
of some distinction,
but as yet
I can't be very specific
on the subject.

It's comfortable on the sill,
resting on the chipped porcelain
of an eggcup.

I am waiting for the moment
when I feel the sharp raps
from inside myself,
the pain of tearing myself apart.

So curious am I
about what I will be
that that pain
will be a pleasure.

And you!

I'm a sweater,
a tangled web of yarn,
descendent of sheep that roamed free
on a hill in Montana.
I was sheared
and combed
and twisted into rope,
worked into my current shape
by a cruel machine.
I'd like to forget my past.
Roaming on hillsides is a pleasure
that I will never partake in again.
The curling and twisting and knotting
are indignities
I'd prefer not to think about.

And now I sit mostly folded
against myself.
My face lying against my feet,
rarely worn.

I guess I've lost some of my
attractiveness.

I've even stopped longing
to be stretched around a neck
and to feel the warmth of shoulders
under mine.

Next up.

I lie and lie and lie,
but I'm not talking about untruths.

I'm a rug,
oriental,
though I'm not very conscious
of my ethnicity.

Why, universalism is more important.
Nationalism, racism, sexism,
are irrelevant.

Rugs, chairs, pillows and plates:
We're all one!

So, oriental
is just a way
of describing my point of origin

Now that I've established my identity...
I'll chat about what I **do** *with myself.*

Nothing.

I lead a passive existence,
much to my chagrin.

I lay and am trodden upon,
oppressed you might say,
but quite unable to liberate myself,
although I am conscious of my problem.

They say, though, that a
raised consciousness is half the battle.

I'm working on the other half.

Quiet now!
There are footsteps...

Ruth Chasek

Sometime Notions

Sometimes I think about my past
that at my still young age
I have bitten off a chunk
too large to chew.
My past includes some sailboat dreams
much drifting and coming about,
much tacking toward
some unknowable events.
My journals, kept all these years,
are mind photos of my memories
and I am tempted to toss them out
like so many scraps,
like pictures of old lovers,
like remnants of junked poetry.
All this evidence of past passions
piling up can be so burdensome
like the all but forgotten boxes
up in the attic on moving day.
I wonder why I keep them
why don't I throw them all away?
Perhaps these sometime notions
intercede to save me
from disasters in the westward moving sun
and sometimes I somehow realize
that one must know
where one began
to know which way to go.

Mark Foley

Clark Center

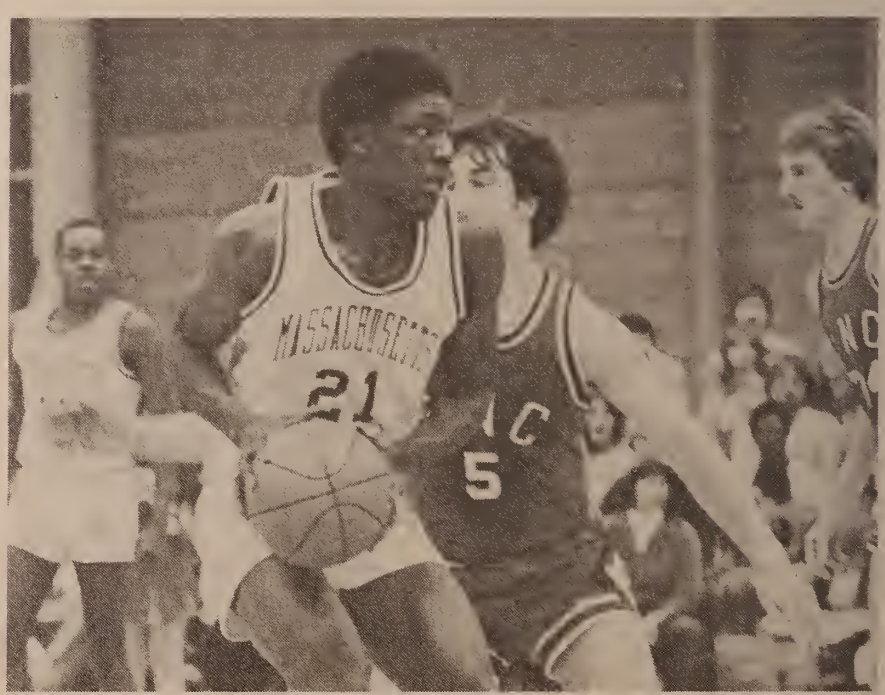
Photos and Text By Stephanie Romanos

Governor King and UMB Athletic Director Charlie Titus at the dedication ceremony of the Clark Physical Education Center on February 8.

At the dedication ceremony of the Catherine Forbes Clark Physical Education Center on February 8, Governor King could not resist quipping,"Imagine getting this done with 2½." The Governor's reference to Proposition 2½ is particularly amusing given the many years of political procrastination leading up to the actual construction four years ago. Completion of the facility did not come easily, even without 2½.

Clark Center officially opened its doors on January 19, but finishing touches are still being applied. The varsity basketball teams played the second half of the season in the new gymnasium,but with temporary bleachers for their fans. During the March vacation, the gym was closed while workmen installed the permanent

Top scorer Carolyn Lewis makes a deposit for the UMB women's basketball team in the new Clark Center.



Freshman guard Nippy Hal averaged 22 points per game for the Beacons, setting the pace for a college career that could lead to All America honors.

Opens Doors

bleachers which will seat 3500 spectators. The nomadic varsity hockey team was not as lucky, and was forced to play almost the entire season on the road. The rink opened in late February, in time for the Beacons' last couple of home games.

The center is open to all students at no charge. Faculty, staff, and employees may purchase a $40 annual membership card. Community and alumni memberships are also available. The University is encouraging community use of the facility, which is open seven days a week. There is a $2 guest fee for someone accompanying a student or member.

The 9.1 million dollar facility should attract a large number of students who were not previously inclined to spend much extra-curricular time on campus. In addition to the gymnasium, pool, and ice skating rink there are also rooms for weight training, dance, gymnastics, and martial arts. In short, there is something for everyone, and your student ID card is the passport to enjoy it all. Go take a look around; once you're inside, you're hooked.

The 1980-81 UMB hockey team, the winningest team on campus, boasts a brand new rink and a 17 - 7 record. Captain Dennis Doherty, 13, led the Beacons with 45 points on the season.

Students work out on the Universal in the weight room of the new athletic facility.

The 25 yard pool has a separate diving area and the bleachers will accomodate 300 spectators.

The new rink has a seating capacity of 1000, and will be operational year round.

Safe As Milk

Peter Davoli

By Eric Stanway

Percival Brown was thoroughly sick of it. Thirty below every day for the past three weeks, still no end in sight, and here it was only halfway through January. The weather had taken all the other news off the television and the papers, and everybody seemed to have already forgotten about the middle-east war and the St. Louis food riots. The grinning commentators on the *Nightly News For You* had turned all their attention to their resident meterorologist, warning him what would happen if he didn't come up with a decent forecast pretty soon. In fact, he soon became the headline story of every show, grinning from ear to ear while predicting more cold, of undetermined duration. The threats were never carried out.

Percival Brown dug his numbed fingers into his pocket as he climbed the stairs of the tenement building, searching for his keys. He'd been wandering about since early that morning, toting his suitcase full of brochures for the *USB Worldbook* ("A Factory Of Facts Between Covers!") from door to door with no tangible result. But perhaps that wasn't his fault. They had given him a pretty shitty neighborhood to cover, after all. His first was a greasy, flaking building, topheavy and precarious, held up by thick beams. The lower stories were boarded over with sheets of soiled plywood, the upper windows caked thick with soot and filth. Around it were vast amounts of open wasteland, but the hoardes of children that proliferated in this area were all piled up on the front steps. He had gripped his suitcase tighter, straightened his mask and tie, and took a deep gulp of air. The first rule of good salesmanship: always try to sell, whether they want to buy or not. He trod bravely forward, picked his way over the children, and gave the door a loud knock.

It opened a crack. The reddish eyes, circled with unhealthy purple blotches, stared out at him, and blinked as the wind threw a shower of grey dust into them. He smiled politely, before realizing that it couldn't be seen. Then he started out on his pitch, his carefully cultivated urbane accent muffled through his mouthpiece.

"Is the lady of the house at home?"

No answer. The eyes watched him suspiciously. Obviously, this was the lady of the house. Next move.

"What charming children," he grinned, indicating the pile of rags and bones behind him. "Have you thought about their future? Their educations? Their careers?"

Still no answer. Time for the hard sell.

"You can't put too much faith in education. It's the one thing that matters above all else. A child without a decent education stands no chance at all."

"You're a 'cyclopedia salesman, right?"

"Well, the *Worldbook* is hardly just another..."

"Thought so. Don't want no 'cyclopedias. No need for 'em."

"But just let me..

"Don't need no damn 'cyclopedias. Get the hell off of my steps."

The door slammed in his face. The children giggled behind him. Slowly, he turned about, and started to make his way down the steps, when he was legged up and fell, face first, into the dirt. The children roared with laughter as he climbed to his feet, brushed himself off, nursed his bruised elbows and dignity. Bloody Philistines. It was as though no one was really interested in improving their minds, these days, instead content to ingest the pablum broadcast over the TV or that rubbish passed off as "romance" novels by those ten-cent-a-word hacks down at Jester Books. No matter that Jester was actually just another subsidiary of USB; to his mind they were representative of a whole other world of thought. That of the great unwashed, somehow sordid, hopeless and depressing. Coldest winter since 1875. Sixty-odd days of continual frost. It was a novelty, all right, albeit a somewhat disturbing one. He had reached the door of his apartment, and against his better judgement, pulled off his gloves to get a better grip on his keys. Upon finding them, he aimed them at the lock, pushed the button on the top, and presently heard the lock click over. Well, at least the cold hadn't seized that up. He pushed open the door and stepped inside, feeling the sudden blast of antiseptic air pull the grey dirt from his clothing. Putting down his case, he loosened the straps on his mask, and winced under the sting of returning blood as it coursed through his face. The green light turned on, and he continued inside.

Home at last! He flung the briefcase on the chair, and turned on the TV. He hadn't eaten all day, but then again, had no appetite. He hadn't for quite some time, now, come to think of it. Must be the pressure. He'd have to go to the clinic, soon. Sometimes, he thought he had picked the worst of all possible professions, working his ass off for next to nothing. But times were tight and really good jobs pretty thin on the ground. He would just have to grin and...

He froze, his temples pounding, as he saw the orange slip in the mailchute. He'd been expecting this, but tried to put it out of his mind. It could be ignored no longer. He opened the glass door and pulled it out. He already knew just what it would say. He'd seen one before.

IMPORTANT! CALL IMMEDIATELY! Our representative came by today and found you not at home. Please call us and let us know of your Biometer status so that we can quickly ascertain your bill. Thank you for your cooperation USBIOSOURCE, BOSTON.

Of course, they already knew what the reading was; they were all too well aware that the bill hadn't been paid in some time and probably would not be paid in the near future. Percival Brown felt decidedly ill. This wasn't a request, it was a warning. A portent that the termination of his service had become an imminent reality. He shuddered at the thought of it, and decided that he must go and lie down. The weather no longer seemed quite so important, though it was probably responsible for his having run up such a high bill in the first place. He had fallen asleep with the biometer on a number of nights. He reasoned that the cold had lowered his defense to disease, and he had to make up for it. It now seemed a foolish, indulgent act. Termination of services! The very idea was inconceivable. Without thinking, he walked across the room and opened the plastic green door of the biometer and pulled the cable from its rest. He touched the tip with his index finger, and felt a low buzz. Good. At least they hadn't shut it off yet. He wouldn't leave it on all night tonight. Just a little while, just enough to get his strength back. Rolling up his sleeve, he plugged the end into the socket just above his elbow, and felt a warm rush run through his body. He fell back into his chair, closed his

Continued to page 42

Curb Your Dragon

By John Dumas

Science Fiction, unlike 14th century literature, dictates not only reading habits, but often social habits. Science fiction readers often join clubs, where members discuss their literary interests in their own slang. But the social activities associated with Science Fiction are often on a grander scale than a meeting. There is no month (and few weeks) when a Science Fiction convention is not being held.

A Science Fiction convention is roughly analogous to a very large party held over an entire weekend. To assist the non-fan, a glossary of the slang in use at a Science Fiction convention has been provided.

Patricia Grieci

A GUIDE TO SF SLANG
-or-
Fannish Made Simple
compiled by John Dumas and Lynne Rose

ayjay: amateur journalism (as found in *fanzines*)
bheer: beer (related to old form of *fan*, phan)
bnf: big name fan (a person important in *fandom*)
con: *SF* convention
crash: to sleep at another's room (crashing does not begin until 3:00 a.m., and not soccer!)
egoboo: ego boost (the pride of seeing one's name in print)
elevator con: party held in an elevator
fan: a person who enjoys *SF*
fanac: *fan* activities (cons, zines)
fandom: all *fanac* and also, collecting, reading and writing
fannish: 1. the slang of *fen*
2. being part of *fandom*
fanzine: a magazine published by *fen* containing stories and articles about *SF*
fen: plural of *fan*
fiawol: *fandom* is a way of life (a *fannish* philosophy)
fijagh: *fandom* is just a goddamn hobby (a philosophy opposed to *fiawol*)
filksing: a party where *SF* songs are sung (originally a typographical error for folksong, but is now standard usage in *fandom*)
fringefan: a *fan*, but barely so
gafia: getting away from it all (getting out of *fandom*)
IDIC: Infinite Diversity in Infinite Combinations (a *fannish* philosophy, often put into practice at *cons*)
Lt. Mary Sue story: a *fanzine* story in which the author has a romantic experience with a famous *SF* character
mundane: a non-*fan*, someone who is unfamiliar with *SF*
neofan: a new *fan*, someone who has just recently developed an interest in *SF*
oldfan: one who has been a *fan* since childhood, and is still one after reaching the age of 35
pro: professional *SF* writer or artist
prodom: the professional side of *SF* (writing, editing)
prozine: commercially produced magazine about *fandom*
pulp: *SF* magazine printed on unglossed paper
sci-fi: a *mundane* word for *SF* and a derisive term for badly made movies
SF: science fiction, speculative fiction, speculative fantasy
SFer: a *fan*
trufan: true fan (this stage is between neofan and oldfan)
zine: *fanzine*

The phrase *Science Fiction convention* is almost never used by fans. It is either shortened to *convention* or, *con* (it is the form *con*, that is the most common). Upon seeing a con program, the first thought to enter the mind of someone who has never seen one before is concerned with the total futility of an attempt to see everything. This is because at a con, events are planned to occur not only in succession, but also simultaneously.

This particular con was Boskone XVIII. It was considered by some to be a weak con. This was due to Boskone being closely preceded by the 32nd WorldCon, NorEasCon II. The throwing of a WorldCon seemed to have sapped the strength of the following Boskone. But even with the prospect of a weak con, NESFA decided to hold Boskone XVIII. A weak con *is* better than no con.

The problems a mundane (non-fan) would notice were the hotel conditions. The Sheraton-Boston Hotel has a central heating system which delivers air of a dryness sufficient to bake the average throat. The other condition was the mix-

ture of mundanes and fen at the hotel. But these problems were not important to serious fen.

To fen, the two biggest problems were to attempt to do as much as possible and to buy as many SF objects as possible. The solution to this problem of time and money is "con masochism." Con masochism is the habitual and continued self-denial of food and sleep during the con. The average con-going fan would rather be experiencing the con than sleep, and would rather buy a fanzine than eat. Most fen stay awake until 3:00 a.m., going to bed at midnight is "going to bed early."

The con began well before anyone went to bed. The most colorful event of all happened early Friday night. This was the costume party. Every costume showed a part of the diverse types of characters in SF. Also that night were a talk, films, and a chance to buy objects of interest to fen. With the exception of the costume party, these would continue the entire weekend.

In all parts of the con, the diversity of alternatives was overwhelming. In the film series, eleven feature films were shown. These were set in the future (*Star Trek*), the past (*Sinbad and the Eye of the Tiger*) and the present (*Love at First Bite*). Some were serious (*The Lathe of Heaven*) and some not so serious (*Attack of the Killer Tomatoes*).

Between feature films, were shorts with origins as diverse as the U.S. Government and local fen. Especially well received were the one-minute short *Bambi Meets Godzilla* and two films by Mike Jitlov (*Animato* and *The Wizard of Speed and Time*). The most heckled short was probably the 1957 U.S. Government film *Red Nightmare*.

In addition to the films, Friday night saw much activity in the Huckster's Room. The dealers were arranged in three rings. Two rings were side by side and inside the third, larger ring. The exterior ring had two breaks. These made entering easy; exiting was another matter.

At the tables it was possible to purchase a wide variety of fannish objects. The guest of honor's books, old pulps, movie stills, buttons, jewelry, games, fanzines, pottery and even stranger objects were available. On Sunday, haggling was permissable, but not done in force.

Another long-running event was the Boskone art show. In addition to being up for auction, many of the works shown were in competition for various awards. Fen could take ballots and choose the best professional and amateur work in a number of categories (Best Cliche, Best Vampyr and so forth). Perhaps it was at the art show that IDIC was in greatest force.

The main features of the weekend were the speeches by the guests of honor. The guest of honor at the con were author Tanith Lee and artist Don Maitz.

Tanith Lee began her talk with a parable about writing. In this parable, she told the story of a young man who was learning the rules for becoming a thief. When the young thief had the chance to show the extent of his learning, he could not complete the task that he set out to do.

At the end of her parable, Tanith Lee concluded that the young thief was like a writer. The young thief could not explain why he could not rob; writers often

Patricia Grieci

cannot explain why they do not always finish their stories.

She first wrote at the age of nine (remarking in her talk that most authors start writing at this age, or possibly before conception). Her first stories were particularly bad, but her early development as a writer was interrupted by school. At seventeen she left school in a search for freedom. She did not find it.

Her first job was in a library. It did not fit her ideal of what a library *should* be. So, she walked out of it, a response she has had to every job following, except writing. But she continued to look for normal work, becoming the world's worst waitress. At this time she wrote a novel, her first, and longest at 1,000 pages.

She quit her job as a waitress and became a clerk. The work was not bad, and a company accepted a book while she was working in this shop. But the company never published the book. She soon had a book published by another firm. After three of her books had been published, she decided to spend a year at art school.

At art school, instead of learning how to draw, she learned how to have fun. It was during this time she had the lucky misfortune to be left in a blizzard by a friend. During the blizzard, she saw a book with a cover that attracted her attention.

On the cover was a picture of a girl waving a sword. This was the type of story which she had been trying to sell. She sent a synopsis of her story to the publisher, and they accepted. Tanith Lee had entered the marketplace of adult SF (as opposed to juvenile).

After her biographical summary, Tanith Lee gave her rules for writers. Writers have five rules. The first rule is to lose contact with the real world as it is a distraction. Then you must be certain that your neighbors are not noisy. If they are, you must buy earplugs. The third rule is to buy a house which you cannot afford: it will force you to write. The last two restrictions are not to fall in love or go to cons (they both are time consuming).

At the end of her talk she accepted questions from the audience. Here she told the audience interesting facts about being a writer. Her characters often explain themselves when she would rather be sleeping. They also often refuse to die when told, or to go away when the story is finished. When her characters will not go away, Tanith writes sequels.

At the end of her talk, she made a reference to the brief biography in the program. Freff (a SF writer himself) had written that Tanith is a wonderful singer. In an attempt to prove Freff wrong, she sang. Freff was right.

After Tanith Lee finished, Don Maitz showed the progress of his work, from his art school days to the present. This was followed by a second presentation of slides in which he compared his models to the paintings they posed for.

The con program also had a number of seminars, with titles ranging from "The Effect of Fandom on Computers," to "Publishers and Other Bloodsuckers." These tended to be scheduled during events which were equally interesting.

Continued to page 43

No Rest For The Wicked

By George Anzuoni

Mickey Bliss here.
Listen:

I was working a stake-out routine in front of the Neon Rainbow up on the strip. It was a simple job. Nothing heavy. A kid from Palo Alto had left home and joined the moonies. His folks wanted him found and brought home. Forcibly, if that was the way things worked out.

He was underage so it would be a legal snatch. And anyhow, I figured I'd be doing the lad a favor. The good Reverend Moon plays these kids for suckers. He puts them out on the street to panhandle and peddle trinkets and

whatnot while he lives high off the hog on the proceeds. A good scam. And a legal one. But that was his business. My job was to find a runaway kid and bring him home in one piece. Nothing to it. A piece of cake. That's when things got complicated.

I had hit the streets with the kid's glossy — a picture of him all spit and polished for the junior prom — and shown it around to all my usual contacts. Doormen, hacks, shoeshine boys, hookers — anyone I knew who spent a lot of time on the streets. It was easy. I had a positive make on the kid within a couple of hours. He had been spotted pushing carnations in North Beach.

Nothing to it. I hopped the cable car and jumped off at the corner of Stockton and Broadway. I grabbed a table near the sidewalk at Coffee Ron's open air sidewalk cafe and ordered a cup of *Cappucino* from the pasty-faced pansy behind the counter. I sat down and waited for the flowerboy.

I was sipping my second cup of coffee when it happened.

It was a sound. A loud sharp sound. An unmistakable sound. The sound of a gunshot. It came from the corner of Kearney Street. I jumped out of my seat and started running. And from every point people dropped what they were doing and started running.

I followed the pack up into a second story walk-up. A sign hung over the door. It read: XXX Rated Massage Parlor — Swingers Welcome.

I pushed my way to the forefront so I could take a look at the action. A uniformed bull was already on the scene, holding people back and telling them to go home. I caught a glimpse of the main attraction. It was Duke Skinner. He had a stupid silly grin on his face. He was slumped down in a chair with his head hung over to one side.

He was wearing a white flannel double-breasted jacket, tailor made, very elegant. He had a red carnation pinned to his lapel. He had a red silk handkerchief stuck in his breast pocket. And he had a shiny red hole stuck in his breast. If I was a dime novel detective I could tell you the caliber of the bullet. I'm not.

There was nothing here for me. I turned and pushed my way through the sea of gawking thrill seekers back out to the street. I stopped to light up a smoke and gather my thoughts. That was a mistake.

I saw them coming. I turned to avoid them. I knew it wouldn't work. It didn't. They ran up behind me and grabbed my shoulders. Tom Suttmeir and Nick Daniels. Two tough cops. Special cops, not regular city cops. These boys worked for the D.A.'s office investigating organized crime. Skinner was, or rather had been, a small time hood.

"Hold it right there, Bliss," Suttmeir barked in my ear. "Let's have it right from the beginning."

I batted my baby blues in stunned innocence. Daniels shoved me up against a brick wall. Not too roughly. I retained consciousness. I stared at the two of them sullenly. I pouted my lips like an English rock star. But I didn't say a word. I had learned the hard way that with guys like this no answer is the right answer.

"Listen Bliss, we've been building up a case against Skinner for a long time. Too long to see all our work go up in smoke. No two-bit peeper's going to withhold information on us." Daniels banged me into the wall again for emphasis. "Now give. Tell us about Skinner or else."

"Hey, I know like everybody else knows," I said. "Skinner ran a massage parlor, licensed by the city of San Francisco. He was a cheap pimp. A sucker for the ponies and the skirts. Even the scumbag broads that were supposed to be working for him. He was the laughing stock of the street. "Duke, the puke" they called him around here. He probably got what he deserved. Other than that, I know absolutely nothing."

Daniels made another attempt to knock down the wall with my head.

"Spill it, Bliss," Suttmeir growled.

"Hey Tom, look! It's the boys from homicide. We better get over there before they gum up the works. Daniels dropped me faster than a B-Girl drops a sailor whose spent his last cent. He ran for the massage parlour.

"Okay Bliss, we'll get back to you later. You can bet on that." Suttmeir turned and raced after his partner.

I got out another cigarette. I lit it and slunk away. Before that Skinner's murder had meant little or nothing to me. If I had met the guy who had done it might've shook his hand. Now I was pissed. I was going to crack this case just to frost their balls. Who the hell did they think they were, pushing Mickey Bliss around. The assholes must of been drinking again.

I spent the rest of the afternoon in my hotel room on Geart St. smoking Marlboros and watching Godzilla kick the hell out of Tokyo on my portable t.v. I wasn't thinking too much about anything. In fact I wasn't thinking at all. Not about Duke Skinner. Not about Suttmeir and Daniles. Not about anything. My mind was a blank. I kept it that way until the evening editions came out on the newsstands.

The sun was setting as I emerged from my hotel. Streaks of blood red sliced through the pink sky. The city was on fire. Alive with a crimson glow. Glass towers shone and sparkled and blinked vermillion eyes that gleamed like rubies in the twilight.

I grabbed a paper from the coinbox and went to dinner.

The headlines that night were the ususal sensationalized hogwash: MOBSTER KINGPIN GUNNED DOWN IN GANGLAND SLAYING. Ha. That was a laugh. Duke Skinner, a pennyweight punk. A nickle and dime conman. A twenty-seven cent pimp. Bullshit. There were no kingpins. Not running the clip joints on Broadway. That was the old days.

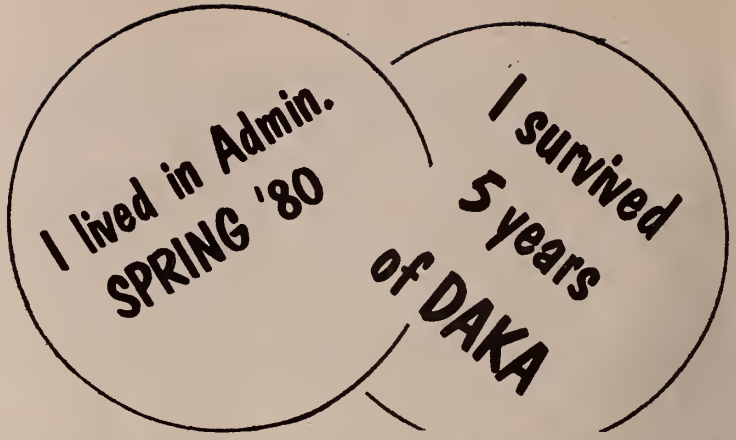
All the really big time racketeers had legitimate businesses now. Either that or they had been elected to public office. The rest of the news article was equally useless. It gave the time, place, and m.o. A few sordid and exaggerated allusions to Skinner's "alleged" porno racket. And somehow managed to slip in kudos to the cops for their fine police work.

I put down the paper in disgust. I lit another cigarette and took a sip of coffee. It was cold. It tasted like it had been brewed with shavings from a pencil sharpener. I pushed my hair back from my forehead with both hands in disgust. I needed a plan but my brain was numb. Nuts to this. I got my Chrysler out of the garage and drove to North Beach.

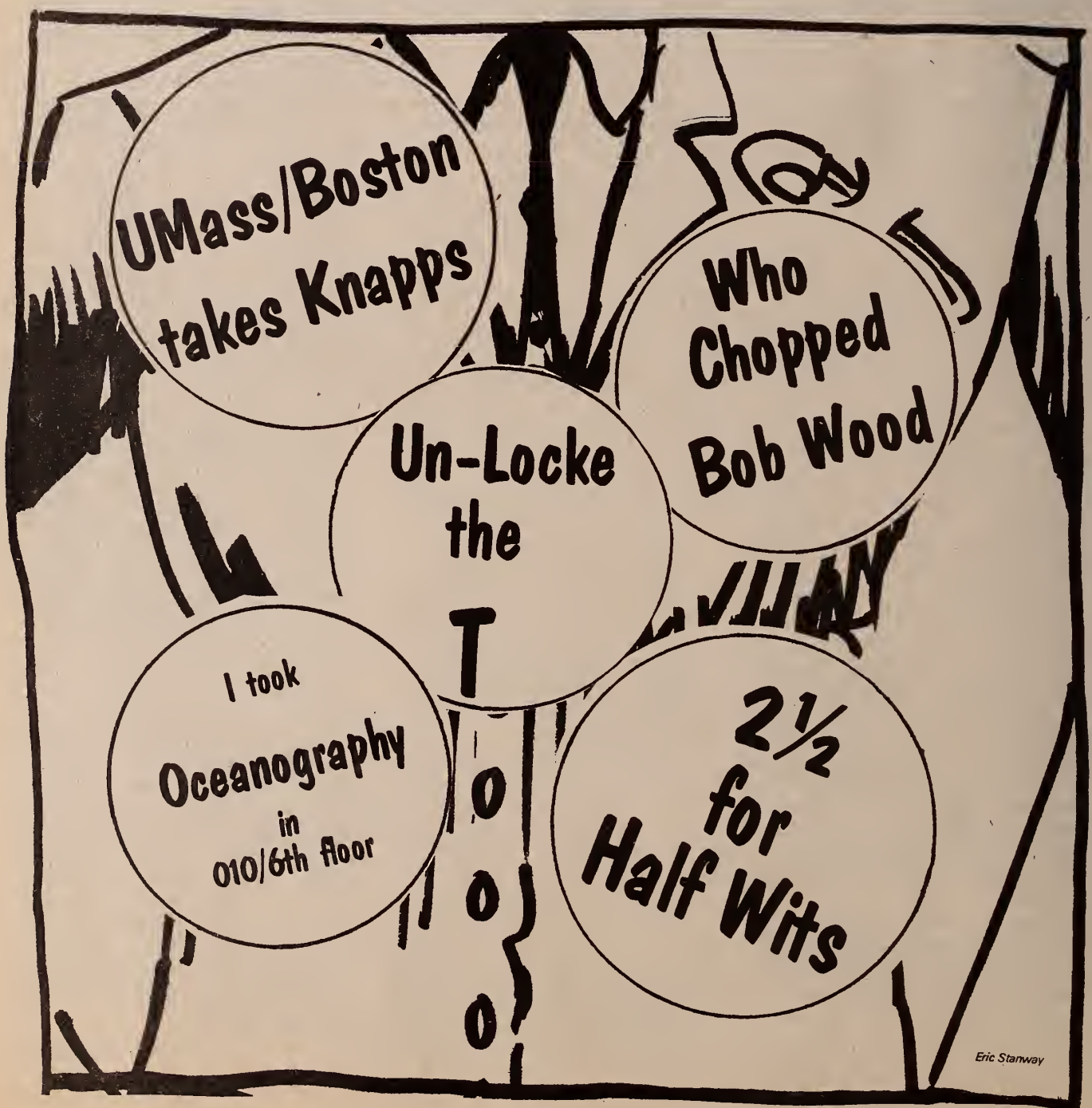
I wasn't really surprised to find the massage parlour open for business as usual. No rest for the wicked. Hell, Skinner probably didn't even truly own the joint. More than likely he was just a front. A fall guy for the mysterious stranger that never stepped out of the shadows. The voice on the phone that called all the shots. Perhaps it was the voice that called in Duke's final order. Could be. But then again he might've been knocked off by a school girl that didn't like Mondays.

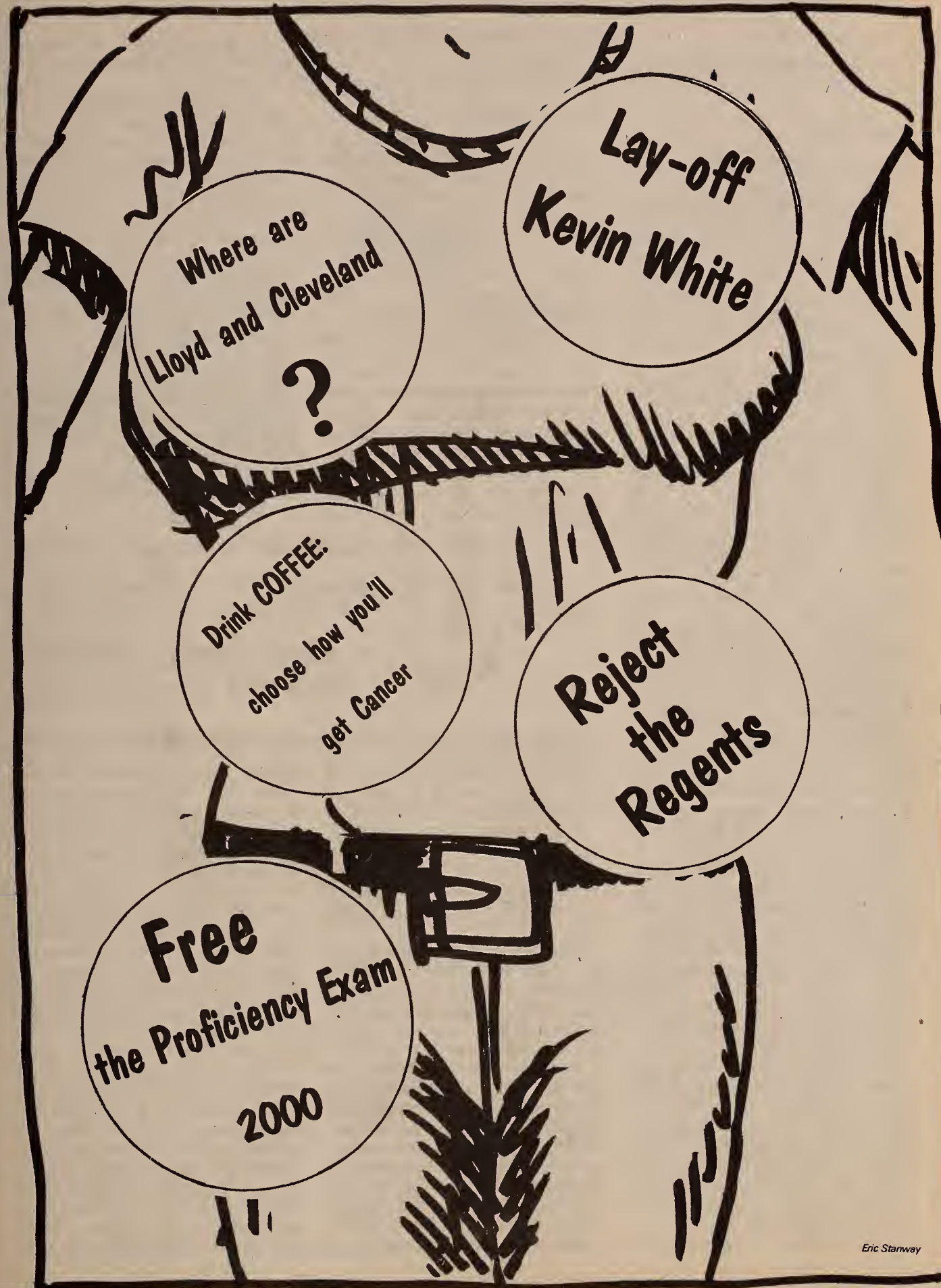
Continued to page 44

Wavelength Button Contest



These buttons have been seen recently on campus. Cast your vote at Wavelength office for your favorite. Results in next issue.




Lay-off
Kevin White
Where are
Lloyd and Cleveland
?
Drink COFFEE:
choose how you'll
get Cancer
Reject
the
Regents
Free
the Proficiency Exam
2000
Eric Stanway

Continued from page 3

pond to the policies of the Reagan administration.

HAIG'S VIEW - COMMUNIST CONSPIRACY

One reason the issue of El Salvador is so controversial is that there are two ways of looking at the present situation in this impoverished Central American nation. The Reagan Administration views El Salvador as a battle-ground between two extremist groups; the left-wing communists vs. the right-wing ultra-conservatives.

The White House feels the U.S. should support the present government junta, which, according to Alexander Haig, "is a broad coalition headed by a true Christian Democrat, Napoleon Duarte." Before he entered office President Reagan's advisors on Latin America assured visiting Salvadoran businessmen that the new administration would increase military aid including combat equipment to El Salvador in order to support this "moderate" junta. (New York Times 11/29/80)

Haig sees the efforts of left-wing guerillas in El Salvador as part of a world-wide Communist Soviet conspiracy designed to take over the world. The present administration, after seeing a popular overthrow of the Somoza regime in Nicaragua has expressed fear of the "Domino effect." This is the belief that leftist movements will creep up through Central America and move into Mexico where there are large oil reserves.

At a recent press conference at the State Department, Secretary of State Haig stated, "We will not remain passive in the face of the Communist challenge, a systematic, well-funded, sophisticated effort to impose a communist regime in Central America. This effort involves close coordination by Moscow, satellite capitals, and Havana, with the cooperation of Hanoi and Managua."

The State Department has recently declared that they have captured "secret enemy documents" providing information indicating that arms for the opposition guerillas are entering El Salvador through Cuba and Nicaragua. Haig has made it abundantly clear that he intends to put the world's policeman back on the beat, and many people feel this attitude could drive the U.S. towards a major confrontation with the Soviet Union and its allies.

The Alternative View

Haig's version of a moderate government in El Salvador being subverted by a classic communist power grab is disputed by a growing array of congresspeople, religious leaders, and citizens who contend that El Salvador is a classic case of a popular rebellion against a repressive dictatorship.

Mauricio Silva, a former government minister of El Salvador, stated at a recent UMB teach-in that the present ruling government in El Salvador is controlled by right-wing military forces. "There is a strong alliance between the right-wing oligarchy and military," stated Silva, who was one of the 28 out of 33 government ministers who resigned in January 1980.

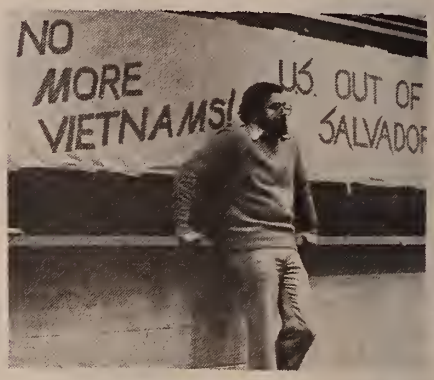
The reason for the mass resignation, stated Silva "was the lack of civilian control of the powerful military forces and an unwillingness of the military to join in dialogue with civilian forces."

Silva said that the Catholic Church and Amnesty International have estimated that the present ruling government in El Salvador has killed between 10,000 and 15,000 people in 1980 alone.

According to Silva, "repression and torture have become institutionalized in El Savldaor, and the U.S. is supporting these institutions." Silva also stated that without U.S. aid, the ruling junta would not maintain its power.

When asked how the guerillas acquire their weapons, Silva replied that "the guerillas get their weapons from homemade factories, government arsenals, and the flourishing black market in Central America. There is no evidence that the guerillas are receiving military aid from the governments of any outside countries," stated Silva. But he added that the guerillas have the right to accept arms from anywhere because they need to defend themselves against U.S.-backed forces.

Two former U.S. ambassadors to El Salvador have also voiced opposition to the policies of the Reagan administration. In a recent letter to the *New York Times*, former Kennedy administration ambassador Murat W. Williams disputed Haig's conclusions that the opposition forces in El Salvador are "unpopular leftist extremists." Williams wrote, "In the present distorted framework used by the American government and press one must place on the "left" virtually the entire Roman Catholic hierarchy."



Kevin Wallace

Mauricio Silva

> ***"Another Vietnam is in the making in El Salvador"***
>
> ***— Mark Foley, UMB student and Vietnam Vet.***

"Also on the left one must place even some members of the Salvadoran aristocracy, as well as intellectuals, academics, many lawyers, businessmen, and great masses of Salvadoran Catholics, both peasants and workers. The heterogeneous left must make up over 80 percent of the Salvadoran people."

Former U.S. ambassador to El Salvador, Robert White, who was recently fired by Secretary Haig, also opposes present State Department policies. Testifying before a House subcommittee White accused the American military of engaging in a "power play in El Salvador." White said, "There is no need today for extensive military aid to El Salvador." White also cautioned Con-

FACTS ON EL SALVADOR

(Sources- Inter-Religious Task Force on El Salvador and Mauricio Silva- former Government Minister in El Salvador)

Brief General Description: El Salvador is the smallest country in Central America- about the size of Massachusetts. It is the most densely populated country in Latin America with 5.5 million people.

Hunger and Malnutrition: According to United Nation's statistics (1975) El Salvador has the lowest per capita caloric intake of any country in Latin America. ALMOST 75% OF SALVADOREAN CHILDREN UNDER AGE 5 SUFFER FROM MALNUTRITION.

Land Exploitation: 60% of the land in El Salvador is owned by 2% of the people. 60% of the Salvadorean people are peasant farmers. In the last two years alone, the number of landless peasants has doubled.

Unemployment: The International Labor Office cites El Salvador as having the highest rate of unemployment in Central America- 50%. 90% of the Salvadorean people earn less than $100 per year.

Foreign Investment: The U.S. is the dominant foreign investor in El Salvador with Exxon, International Basic Coffee Western Electric, Alcoa, Texaco, US Steel, and Bank of America having large holdings. In the early 1970's tax-free zones were created to add to the profits of US multi-nationals. These zones allowed almost complete tax breaks and among other advantages, guaranteed to US investors that their property would not be confiscated.

Military Rule: El Salvador has been under continuous military rule since 1932- longer than any other country in Latin America. In October 1979 a military/civilian junta was formed, backed by the US government. In January 1980, all of the civilians resigned from that government protesting the murder and repression which the military continued against popular organizations of the working class and peasantry. A second junta was quickly named with replacements from the Christian Democratic Party.

Agrarian Reform: On March 6, 1980, the junta announced an Agrarian Reform program which has since been used as evidence of its "progressive" nature. However, the junta has used the so-called reform to militarize the countryside and less than 2% of the agricultural land has been affected by the reform.

Education, Housing, and Healthcare: In El Salvador the illiteracy rate is 50%. 67% of the peasant women give birth without medical attention, 33% of the families live in one-room shacks, and 63% of the housing lacks water.

Violent Repression: The massacre of the Salvadorean people has reached unprecedented levels. Since January 1980 over 10,000 civilians have been killed by the junta's security forces. The military's policy of reform with repression has been supplemented by death squads paid for by the wealthy families working closely with the military. Their specialty is to disfigure and dismember the bodies of their victims in order to frighten the people.

Church: Official persecution of the church is also growing. Reports from the Archdiocese of San Salvador tell of the assassination of 28 priests, catechists, and lay workers during the past year. Over 100 cases of break-ins, machine-gunnings, and bombings of churches were registered.

U.S. Support: The U.S. government sent over $90 million in economic aid, and $5.7 million in military aid to the El Salvador ruling junta in 1980. Recently Reagan proposed over $25 million more in military aid and $300 million in economic aid to support the junta. The US is training Salvadorean troops on bases in Panama, and has over 60 military advisors in El Salvador presently.

Opposition: Opposing the junta and its US backers is the Democratic Revolutionary Front (FDR), a broad coalition of religious, professional, technical, labor, peasant, student groups and political parties. The majority of the people of El Salvador have chosen to unite under the leadership of the FDR, in their fight for self-determination.

gress "not to slide unwittingly into another Vietnam."

The Catholic Church has been a major voice in the opposition to U.S. intervention in El Salvador. The deceased Oscar Romero, Archbishop of San Salvador defended the leftist guerillas by stating, "If peace is not possible we have the case for insurrection that the church admits when all recourses to peaceful means have been exhausted."

Before he was murdered by a right-wing death squad while saying mass, Archbishop Romero sent a letter to President Carter which stated, "The present government continually returns to the use of repressive violence, producing wholesale deaths and injuries... if you really want to defend human rights, stop this military aid to the Salvadoran government. Guarantee that your government will not intervene directly or indirectly with military, economic, or diplomatic pressure to determine the destiny of the Salvadoran people." William Wipler, the Chairperson of the National Council of Churches recently said during a teach-in in Boston that "the U.S. has played a major role in the bloodshed in El Salvador." Wipler found, during a recent trip to El Salvador, that "the right-wing military runs the country with terrorism."

Other religious leaders have also been outspoken in their opposition to Reagan's policies. "It is irrelevant whether Nicaragua or Russia is supplying arms," said Rev. Paul Newpower of New York, "The question is whether the U.S. should support a dictatorship that is suppressing its own people." Patrick Ryan, a priest who works for the Center for Justice Concerns in Boston said, "We feel strongly that the State Department is creating an image that distorts — calling the Salvadoran government a centrist government — it just blows our minds."

A large and growing number of Congresspeople are also challenging Reagan on his policies on El Salvador. Congressman Gerry Studds (D-MA) has found over 50 other representatives in the House to co-sponsor a bill that would stop U.S. military aid to El Salvador.

Studds, along with reps. Barbara Milkulski (D-MD) and Robert Edgar (D-PA) recently returned from a fact-finding mission to Central America where they interviewed Salvadoran refugees in Honduras. During their trip, the three reps collected stories of murder, torture, rape, and the burning of crops. "None of the refugees we spoke with spoke of being afraid of guerillas," said Studds, "they said they were fleeing from the National Guard." "Without exception," Milkulski added, "all the refugees interviewed said that the atrocities were carried out by troops of the Salvadorean army, National Guard, or a para-military group equipped with U.S. arms. The only reason the junta is alive today is because we are providing the material for repression."

The congresspeople sent a cablegram to President Reagan that said, "In the name of justice and humanity, and to further the long-term best interests of the U.S., we appeal to you to halt immediately military aid to El Salvador." According to Studds, "every person had a tale of atrocity by government forces, the same ones we are again out-fitting with weapons."

Other congresspeople have also spoken out. Barney Frank (D-MA) believes that Reagan is trying to get popular permission to intervene militarily in third world countries. Frank does not feel that the possibility of Cuban assistance to the guerillas is the most important issue.

"The primary issue in El Salvador is simply this," said Frank, "Does the U.S. give the green light to terror and repression in Latin America?" Rep. Clarence Long (D-MD) during a House Committee hearing said, "It's going to be gunboat diplomacy all over again and I'm worried it's being done not because we need to but because an administration has made a lot of macho statements and has to live with them."

Several internationally-known people and organizations have condemned American policies towards Central America. Recently the United Nations passed a resolution stating that all governments should presently refrain from giving aid to El Salvador.

International leaders have also voiced opposition to the U.S. policies. Mexican President Jose Lopez Portillo has warned the U.S. about involvement in El Salvador, and recently Mexican officials responded to the U.S. by questioning U.S. policy and praising Cuba (Boston Globe 2/17/81).

Leading policy-makers in France and West Germany, have gone out of their way to stress that they do not support U.S. intervention in El Salvador, and Michael Foot, leader of Britain's Labor Party described Reagan's policies in El Salvador as "highly dangerous."

As previously stated,many liberal politicians and columnists have taken a strong stand against U.S. intervention in El Salvador. The view of liberals and the liberal press in this country is that there is too much risk involved for the U.S. in El Salvador, and that a political solution must be worked out in order to maintain a government that is not hostile to U.S. corporate and strategic interests in the region. The liberals also feel that U.S. intervention in El Salvador will:

1. Be seized upon by the Soviet Union as justification for some adventure of its own, notably Poland, and that aggressive tactics used by the U.S. only tend to strengthen the hawks in Soviet circles (Boston Globe editorial 2/24/81)

2. Weaken the U.S. and draw in far more substantial Cuban and Soviet involvement than American military intervention (Flora Lewis, New York Times 2/27/81)

3. Drive Salvadoran civilians into the arms of the leftist rebels out of a sense of desperation (Boston Globe Editorial 2/27/81)

4. Complicate relations with some U.S. government allies, hurting the reputation of the U.S., and make international laughingstocks out of Haig and Reagan. (Boston Globe 2/28/81). In essence, the liberal opponents of direct intervention fear that the Reagan policy

"It's going to be gunboat diplomacy all over again..."
— Rep. Clarence Long (D-MD)

Amnesty International opposes U.S. military assistance to El Salvador on the grounds that it "will contribute directly to human rights violations, including torture, arbitrary imprisonment, and summary execution on a massive scale." The winner of last year's Nobel Peace Prize Adolfo Perez Esquivel of Argentina is opposed to U.S. intervention in El Salvador as is Nobel laureate George Wald of Harvard and Noam Chomsky of M.I.T.

Chomsky has compared U.S. support to the government of El Salvador to our early support of military rulers in Vietnam. Mexican novelist Carlos Fuentes said in a recent interview that "the long-term threat to Mexico is from the U.S., not from El Salvador."

The Permanent Tribunal of the People, an international body established to judge human rights violations met in Mexico City from February 9-13. The Tribunal condemned the Salvadoran junta for crimes against humanity. It held the junta responsible for genocide, for the practice of torture, and for violations of fundamental human rights of the people of El Salvador. They also condemned the U.S. government for complicity with the junta in its continuation of crimes against humanity.

will fatally weaken U.S. domination of the region. They prefer a policy which maintains U.S. dominance indirectly through regimes which are less openly hostile while still friendly to the U.S. "sphere of influence."

A more radical view of the situation in El Salvador is offered by UMB student Michael Letwin who agrees that the U.S. should not be involved in El Salvador but for different reasons than those outlined by the liberals. "We should not care about having the U.S. corporate interests maintained in El Salvador," said Letwin, "But we should support the right of self-determination of the Salvadoran people against all oppressors." Letwin would like to see a popular revolution in El Salvador that would spread to other parts of Central America "where the U.S. has dominated for the last several decades." "A victory for the revolutionary forces in El Salvador benefits us here in the U.S. because we share the enemy of corporate America with the people of El Salvador," he added. "The weaker the system of American imperialism abroad, the greater are our opportunities to organize ourselves at home."

Letwin hopes a revolution in El Salvador would inspire other oppressed people including those in the U.S. "that are facing racist and sexist cut-backs from the Reagan administration that are hurting the poor, minorities, women, and working class people the most." "The best thing that could come out of this situation," added Letwin, "would be if such people decide that their interests lied with the people of the same class in El Salvador, and not with the nationalism of either Reagan and company or the liberals."

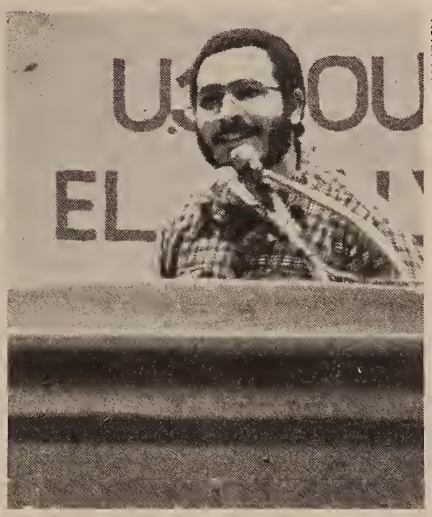
UMASS/BOSTON ACTIVISM

Political activists at UMass/Boston have recently formed the El Salvador Solidarity Committee (ESSC); a coalition of different groups and individuals on campus opposed to U.S. intervention in El Salvador. The committee has focused on educating the university community about the situation in El Salvador by sponsoring forums and films as part of their outreach efforts that have reached hundreds of people on campus.

Cynthia Alvillar, an exchange student from California and a member of ESSC believes that the education and outreach about El Salvador is important because "we must educate ourselves so we can realize the lies and propaganda that the Reaganites are using to justify their actions in El Salvador. We must use what we've learned from Vietnam, and realize that we are entering another round of U.S. intervention and this is an issue that directly affects us whether we know it or not."

Latin American students at UMB, many of whom say that they are in solidarity with the people of El Salvador, have joined in organizing educational outreach efforts on campus. "The situation in El Salvador is an other example of what the U.S has done in Central America," said UMB student Arturo Sanchez. "In my country, the Dominican Republic, for example, U.S. troops invaded in 1965, sending in 42,000 Marines, and from 1965 to now my country has been dominated by the interests of U.S. corporations."

He added, "The process in El Salvador is another part of the struggle in Latin America where armed rebellion is the last resort to complete emancipation. The process of change in El Salvador is irreversible," Sanchez continued, "no matter how much military aid the U.S. provides."



Kevin Wallace

William Henriquez

William Henriquez, also from the Dominican Republic, believes that the issue of El Salvador has brought many Latin-Americans and North-Americans together. "The Latin people are realizing that only the elite sector of the American people have an interest in the oppression of Latin America, and that there are many U.S. natives who sympathize with the popular movements in Latin America," stated Henriquez. A solidarity can be seen when Latin Americans and North Americans march together in unified opposition to U.S. intervention in El Salvador." He feels that Latin Americans living in the U.S. will play a major role in the fight against the Reagan administration's policies. "A large portion of the workers in the U.S. are Latin American," said Henriquez, and any aggression by the U.S. against a Latin American country is felt by Latinos who are living in the U.S."

Most students on the UMass ESSC feel that their outreach has been successful on campus. They view the recent referendum vote to ban military recruitment as a signal that a large por- of the campus community is opposed to the military and to U.S. policies in El Salvador. "Military recruiters have been coming on campus to recruit for a possible war in El Salvador," said Monica Crowly, a UMB student, "and by voting against military recruitment on campus, the students and faculty voiced their opposition to the U.S. military involvement in El Salvador."

Most UMB activists admit, however, that their efforts in outreach need to encompass a broader range of the UMass community. Monica Crowly feels that in order for people to see how the situation in El Salvador affects us directly, "we must make more connections on how aid to El Salvador will decrease funding for basic human needs in this country such as housing, health, and education." Olga Solomita, a UMB student feels that the educational outreach on El Salvador must include students, faculty, and staff at UMB, as well as local high schools. "We must also realize," said Solomita, "that we can educate and communicate with people on the issue, but we can't force the people to take a certain political line because that is a process that happens on its own and can't be forced. It's hard for people in this country to organize, communicate, and work together because we are conditioned to compete against each other."

There are many different views on the situation in El Salvador at UMass/Boston. One view is that of Mark Foley a UMB student and Vietnam veteran. Foley states "Another Vietnam is in the making in El Salvador and the economic victims of this country, the working class people, will be forced to further victimize themselves and the Salvadorean people in another bloody episode of *The Empire Strikes Back.*"

Continued from page 7

British population favored unilateral nuclear disarmament.

All these movements have sprung into being independently of END, the Thompsons say. END formally consists only of an appeal for a nuclear-free Europe, which currently bears the signatures of several hundred prominent politicians, academicians, artists, and labor officials from Europe, Australia, Canada, the U.S., and the U.S.S.R. The appeal asks for the Soviet Union to abandon production of its SS20 medium-range missile, and for the U.S. to revoke its plans to base Pershing II and cruise missiles in Europe.

A British national poll found 42 percent of the British population favored unilateral nuclear disarmament.

In Great Britain, Dorothy says, the current anti-nuclear weapons movement is in some sense an outgrowth of the old British Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament (CND), founded in the 1950s. The new movement, however, has gained a force and popularity greater than CND ever had. At CND's height, only 32 percent of the British population favored unilateral nuclear disarmament, in contrast with 42 percent who do so now, she says. What's changed?

"The shift to the idea of theater war," Dorothy states. "The attempts to make nuclear warfare acceptable, to bring it into the category of ordinary military options, backfired. Far from making people happier about nuclear weapons, this made them look at them again."

Before the concept of a limited nuclear war gained currency, Dorothy explains, "It was all up there, all on the scale of intercontinental ballistic missiles. But when they attempted to bring it down again, when they attempted to put it on the scale of the sort of weapons which, after all, a lot of Europeans lived through, this brought people to a much greater awareness of the threat."

A turning point in British public opinion followed the government's issue of a pamphlet and film called "Protect and Survive," outlining civil defense procedures for a nuclear attack, Dorothy says.

"What it showed you was, in the event of an atomic war, you should get into the cupboard under the stairs, you should take the doors off the rooms and stack them around the cupboard under the stairs, you should bring plastic bags with you to put relatives in who've died and little tags so you can say who they were.

"They showed you in this film the average English family taking their dog into the cupboard under the stairs, with tins of dog food and supplies of food for a fortnight — and this to people who've lived through a conventional bombing is absolutely nonsensical.

"People were furious, there were demonstrations around the country, and a great many women's groups set up these shelters in the marketplace and invited people to come and see what it would be like," Dorothy states.

From these beginnings have grown dozens of local committees, particularly in regions like East Anglia, where the new weapons would be stationed, Dorothy says. Municipal governments have sent pleas to London for a nuclear weapons freeze, arguing that local hospitals and municipal services could not respond adequately to a nuclear emergency. Finally, Labor Party leader Michael Foot has promised that if the party wins the May elections, it will return any of the new weapons already stationed in England and will refuse to take any more.

In spite of these activities, the Thompsons remain only cautiously optimistic about the future.

"Probably nuclear war must be the inevitable outcome of history," Edward concludes. "But in my will, because I know this war will destroy western civilization and all we have aspired to build for two thousand years and more, because this is an intolerable conclusion to accept, I think it not inconceivable that people might find the will, the spirit, the rationality, to resist."

The European Nuclear Disarmament appeal, with its hundreds of signatories, he calls "a small contribution."

Images of Water

Early morning rain falls softly,
awakening to a singing of birds' calling.
Waiting for the rain to end,
and the flower's heads to appear.

Leaves
fall in the rain.
Listen to the water run
filling dry old wells.

Water
falls,
a gift from the mountains.
The wind carries the moon
for hours.

Catherine Wright

White Flight

The car lurches
through black galaxies of night.
Speed of light snowstars
swarm about my finite space
in time-warped flurries fast approaching.
The engine light blinks red-hot
and fuel is running low
but I have escaped at last
from the nebulour city's
neon riot lights.
Heading south on Interstate 95:
white flight
filling the exurban void.
The exists are clearly marked -
the off-ramp receives me.

Mark S. Foley

Continued from 9

health plan must make pre-payments for certain services such as lab tests and find out how any other health policy they might have will meet the cost of off-campus health care. Normally, the Health Service does not bill so-called "third party payers", such as Blue Cross/Blue Shield, Aetna, etc.

The Health Service staff will assist students in any insurance questions or problems and on occasion can make special arrangements for those in need of special health care who happen to be without health insurance. Business Manager, Vera Beswick, having worked in this area for many years, has helped with many health insurance problems. The Director's secretary, Missy Cappuccio, is also available to assist with any questions relating to Health Service programs.

Keeping Healthy

Helping students to become more aware of the health issues facing them, particularly of the best ways to become and stay healthy, is a major part of the wellness philosophy of the Health Service. The Health Education of the Health Service is designed to bring this kind of information to students. This semester, for example, it is sponsoring a series of stress management workshops. Stress, if not properly dealt with, can cause or worsen physical and mental problems. Managed properly, stress can be a positive force.

Laura Montgomery

Vicki Soler

Health Education Program Coodinator, Sheila McNeil and Assistant Coordinator Vicki Soler with other staff members, are developing other programs such as alcohol and other substance use/abuse information, in addition to on-going programs in smoking liberation. Literature on reproductive issues such as birth control and sexually transmitted diseases; nutrition, and other health concerns is available in the Health Education Center.

The Health Service also sponsors an Emergency Care Training Program which is offering courses in cardio-pulmonary resuscitation (CPR) and advanced first aid this semester.

Future Directions

Among the areas and services Mr. Stockton would like to incorporate in the program are dentistry, sports medicine, an orthopedic clinic for non-athletes and perhaps, an x-ray unit. Currently, the Health Service is awaiting a proposal from the Boston University School of Graduate Dentistry which may provide some feasible options for assisting UMass/Boston students to meet that need for dental care. A sports medicine capability is important, Mr. Stockton feels, especially in light of the opening of the new athletic center and the university's expanded sports and recreation activities.

"To the extent we can provide on campus or make easily accessible in the surrounding community the many services necessary to attain and maintain good health among the UMass/Boston student body, it will be made easier for each student to make the greatest strides toward achieving while at UMass/Boston the full potential of his/her educational, social and economic pursuits," he said in conclusion.

Beach

My feelings for you
change as fast as the tides

from full and rich and embracing
to shrinking, recoiling

and are controlled by the moon,
I think, also

walking along our relationship
I find curved wonders
and disembodied legs of crabs.

Louise Lasson

The Water Window

black window water pool
then mirror of trees and sky
closer see the hydrologic
of another world still and quiet.
maple twirlygigs helicopter down
breaking through the surface calm
to shatter tectonic tensions -
the fragile leaded crystal thoughts,
the waves of Richter machinations
of pasts both measured and unmeasured.
all tenuous attachments to desire dissolve
in expanding rings of dissipation.

on the moss-green bank a man sits
Buddha-like wondering at nothing.

Mark S. Foley

Continued from page 19

"Are you responsible?"), the network censors wouldn't allow it, because it referred to birth control. Not only did the censors object to any reference to birth control, they also insisted, according to Wakefield, that in the course of the show, James was to "suffer and be punished" as a result of having sex. Thus, because Wakefield felt that it was not right to portray that a bright teenage boy did not know about birth control, and because he did not want to present the message that sex meant suffering and punishment, he did not sign his name to the script. He let someone else finish it.

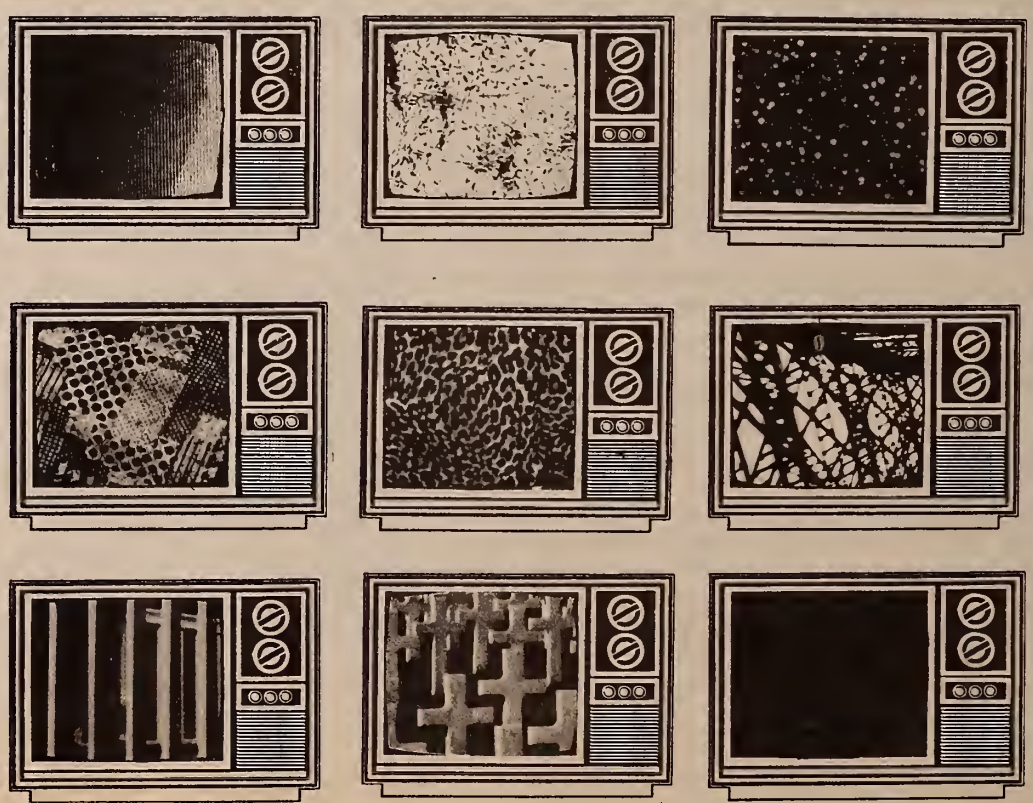
The "irony" of that situation, says Wakefield, is that himself and other co-writers thought they were creating a "moral" presentation in the original script. And yet, the censors thought the public would have been "shocked" and "upset" because of the show's realistic frankness. Even today, Wakefield still thinks the censors were wrong, as did many of the "hundreds" of letter writers who wrote to Wakefield during the time of the controversy in support of his views.

Although Wakefield is sorry that *James at Fifteen* did not continue for "seven years", he does not miss T.V. script writing, because, besides teaching, that is one of his present day occupations. But instead of writing for network television, Wakefield is writing for public television. He is currently writing a T.V. script of Mark Twain's *The Innocents Abroad,* which should be aired sometime soon. The actual work, says Wakefield, is "really nice", and not as "pressurized" as writing for the network.

The private, unpublicized Wakefield likes to walk around his "favorite neighborhood in the world" - Beacon Hill. Besides strolling the streets about his home, he also enjoys discovering new writers, which sometimes happens, says Wakefield, just by hanging around bookstores. One writer Wakefield greatly admires, and who he also discovered quite sometime ago, is a man who went to Wakefield's high school ten years ahead of him: Kurt Vonnegut. Before Wakefield and Vonnegut met in Boston in 1964, they often wrote each other letters. And since their meeting in 1964, Wakefield says they have been very good friends. Wakefield especially admires Vonnegut's warm generous personality, and his fresh, continuous writing. It may be Wakefield and Vonnegut have a few characteristics in common.

In the writing business, Wakefield believes that in order to get a job, you have to be "lucky", and after you are lucky, then you have to be "good." In 1955, after he graduated from Columbia University, he went seeking professional newspaper employment. Even though he had a notebook full of experience, he could not get past the desks of the secretaries in the newspaper plants of New York. But luckily, one of Wakefield's old high school teachers knew a man who ran the local paper at Princeton, New Jersey. After Wakefield proved he was good by displaying his work experience he got his first job at the *Princeton Packet.* Thus, what seems to be Wakefield's point, is that if a writer is not good, then luck will not provide job security, even if it provides a job.

Yet even though Wakefield basically believes that luck is the ticket that admits one into the arena of professional writing, he also believes, that writers are needed all the time. The reason says Wakefield, is that non-writers need writers to keep them civilized and entertained. A worthwhile investment, says Wakefield, for those young writers whose works will someday be needed, is to take writing courses. Not because a person will learn some secret that will enable him or her to write, but because it gives one incentive to write and to get used to producing regularly; these are good habits, which a serious writer should acquire. Finally, when I asked Mr. Wakefield if he had any advice for writers here at UMass, he replied, "my only advice, is to write".



Laura Montgomery

Opinion
Continued from page 22

resources. As the leading university UMass/Boston will roll up its sleeves and get down to the work we do best — joining forces to strengthen the educational opportunities, services, and resources that are the combined efforts of two urban institutions.

We will come forth with the academic leadership and expertise for which we have earned an excellent reputation, and we will pool our resources with Boston State and direct our efforts towards achieving the best possible methods for serving the higher education needs of our public, urban, commuter constituencies.

We are on the threshold of a new beginning, a new birthday for UMass/Boston. Blessed with the hard earned experience of our recent past, we will lead the course of reorganization and facilitate the restructuring necessary for the unification process.

Our strengths are many. Our three colleges offer tried and proven programs which relate academic study to applications in tomorrow's world. Our graduate programs have expanded to include a PhD in Environmental Studies. Our student body is as rich and diversified and experienced as the urban areas from which they commute. Our faculty and staff are first-rate leaders in their fields and dedicated to service. Our resources are strong; our attitudes are positive.

When the going gets tough, UMass/Boston gets going. Here's to the next ten years...

Northend
Continued from page 5

The area is changing slowly, but changing nonetheless. More non-Italians are moving in as the area rapidly becomes one of the only parts of Boston proper left where apartments can be found at reasonable costs. Some of the small, family businesses are closing and major chains are taking their place. And, despite protests and resistance, some North End buildings are slated for condominium conversion, which will undoubtedly replace elderly and working class tenants with young, upwardly mobile professionals. Still, on Sunday mornings clusters of old men in dark suits speak Italian to each other as they stand along Hanover St. Little old ladies, stooped over, dressed in black with their heads always covered, leave Trio's, also on Hanover St., with homemade pasta in their worn-out shopping bags. A group of teenage girls, all with hordes of gold chains around their necks which clash with their conservative Catholic school uniforms, rush, laughing and talking, into Umberto's for pizza on their lunch break. And on the narrow streets the cars glide slowly, making way for children and dogs and the neighbors calling out to one another. As I walk down Prince St. on my way home, I notice Anthony, who lives in my building, sitting on the front steps eating an oil-laden slice of pizza. His mother approaches at the same time and looks perplexed. "Why are you home from school so early?" she asks. Anthony replies that when he got to school he learned that it was closed in honor of Martin Luther King Day. "And for Kennedy, nothing!" his mother shouts angrily, slamming the door behind her. Only in the North End.

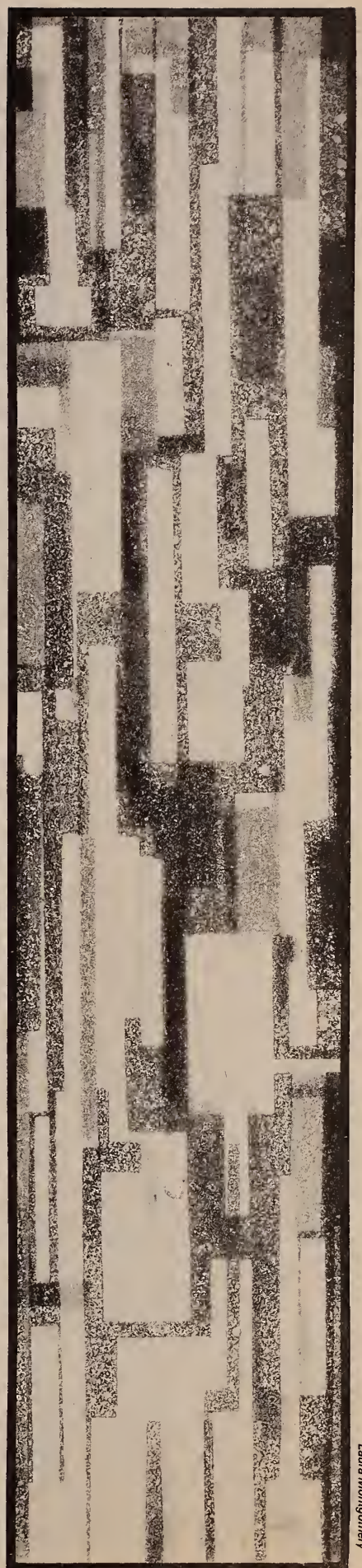
Wicked
Continued from page 46

home with empty pockets. The kid was disillusioned. He never went back.

I took the kid back to a Y and cleaned him up. Then we went to see an assistant D.A. who I happened to be friendly with. He handled the case without publicity. The kid got a good break. The case was closed and he went home to live with his parents.

I saw Suttmeir and Daniels shortly thereafter. Suttmeir told me, "You'll get yours someday, wiseguy, someday very soon."

As for the Vegas boys, I guess that they just wrote the whole thing off as a loss and left town. But, with those kind of guys, you never can tell. So, just in case they come back, looking for trouble, I'm still doing guard duty in San Raphael.



Laura Montgomery

Peter Davoli

Continued from page 27

eyes, and sighed. Just a little while. The TV droned on, with a chorus of voices revelling in one of those advertizing jingles that is at once annoying and unforgettalbe:

Come on round and join the gang
We'll while away the night
And finish off with a bang
To make tomorrow bright
Turn us on, have a seat
There's fun for you and me
On USB-TV

Damn! He'd done it again! Tearing the cable from his arm, he flung it against the wall, and then paced about the room in anguish. The TV hissed with white noise, and he brutally punched the off button. He now wished that he had never had the damned thing installed. Totally harmless, they had promised. A simple nightly innoculation that would negate years and years of gruelling chemotherapy. He had had reservations, which were apparently shared by others, judging from the pat response he had got from their representative. Was it safe?

"Safe as milk," the man had said with a shit-eating grin. "You won't ever have to worry about radiation-induced cancer again."

"I would much rather I didn't have to worry about it in the first place," he had replied.

The man grimaced, cracking his cordial veneer. "I hate that bleeding heart crap. Do you think they stopped and considered that when they started dropping the bombs? No. Of course they didn't. It's all water under the bridge, now. You have to make the best of it. We all do."

"All right, then," he had conceded. "I'll take one."

"And the colour of cable? We have a lovely number here in lime green..."

Percival Brown doubled over in pain. A spasm below his ribs had brought flecks to his eyes, and he stumbled into the kitchen to get himself a drink of water. Clutching onto the tap for support, he raised the glass to his lips with a trembling hand. They were becoming more frequent these days. He couldn't put off that visit to the clinic any longer. Just what he needed. More problems.

"I won't hide the facts from you," the man in the white lab coat said. He smelt strongly of antiseptic and after-shave.

"I wouldn't want you to," Percival Brown said.

"I can be frank, then?" he asked.

"Be as frank as you wish," Percival Brown replied. "But get on with it."

"Well, I'm afraid it doesn't look very good."

"Meaning what?" He had a hard time getting the words out. His tongue felt several times too large.

"Cancer. Too far advanced for an operation to do any good, I'm afraid. It's already affected most of your vital organs. I'm sorry. I wish I could tell you otherwise."

"You could have," he said, suddenly flushed. "But it wouldn't do much good, would it? It would have come out the same in the end."

"I'm sorry," he repeated impotently.

"But I have a biometer at home. I've innoculated myself every night. I haven't kept up with my payments lately, but it hasn't been shut off yet. It shouldn't have let me down. It should have done some good."

"Did you expect it to?" the man asked.

"Of course I did! What would have been the point of having the thing if I didn't? Their representative told me I would never have to worry about something like this happening."

"And have you?" the man asked.

Continued from page 29

In addition to scheduled events, there were a variety of unscheduled events. The most common of these were parties. The Boskone XVIII program separates parties into three categories: bid parties (where a group tries to convince others that a particular city is a good place for a WorldCon); parties where a club is trying to attract members; and parties thrown by people who like to throw parties.

One party ended with a surprise. It was for people who knew *why* the Answer to Life, the Universe and Everything is 42. To enter this party, the best guess at a question had to be stated at the door. This was largely ignored near the end of the party, when fen who knew why the answer was forty-two were explaining the story to fen who did not know about the book *The Hitch-Hiker's Guide to the Galaxy*.

The host of the party was talking about the sequel, when a man walked into the party and corrected a quote. Douglas Adams, the author of the two books the party was about, attended Boskone for one day, and decided to see what his fans were like.

Saturday night was graced (?) by a party titled "Prelude to Punday." This was a loose gathering of fen who could not wait another day to pun openly. "Prelude" consisted of a running conversation laced (and sometimes interrupted by) puns. Meanwhile, two parties different from the rest were being held.

These two parties were not for talking, but for singing. One was the "Bad Beatles Songfest." A "Bad Beatles Songfest" is for people who enjoy Beatles music, but sing badly. When this is done in unison, the result is something to marvel at. Had I not been suffering from a loss of voice, I would have joined in with my usually comparable voice.

The other singing party was a filksing. Here also, singing ability is not important, only the wish to sing. At a filksing, the songs all deal with SF. When I reached the filksing, I had recovered my voice, but while singing "Science Fiction/Double Feature" I lost it again.

Both the filksing and the songfest were several hours old when I found them. This was about 2:30 a.m. But after leaving the filksing, I found another unplanned event. It was at an hour when most mundanes were asleep that I discovered a marathon game of *Dungeons and Dragons* (*D&D* is a game where the players act out the parts of fighters, wizards and other characters from fantasy. Using dice, the players then gather treasure and kill monsters).

Although barely able to talk, I played until 5:30. Deciding not to see the sunrise, I gave my character to a spectator. On the way to my room, I noticed that the filksing was still in progress.

The final event on the program was preceded by four hours of nothing. But after the con was fully dismantled, the final event of the con was held. It was called "Punday Night at Callaghan's Bar." This was the event that was the theme of a party. Punday Night was a contest to find the best punster and the worst pun.

A bad pun is one that a punster takes the most delight in. There is no such thing as a good pun. A category of puns would be started by puns which had been submitted in advance. Then, attempts were made to top the puns with ones which were worse.

Questions may be raised about Punday night. What do puns have to do with SF? A trufan knows that puns are a part of fandom. Some SF stories are nothing but showcases for a closing pun. But the pun is not to be held in contempt. It is explained at the beginning of Punday that the pun is not the lowest form of humor. The pun is not low, it requires a large vocabulary, which must then be used in a creative manner. And the pun is not humor. If something is humorous, it receives a laugh. Puns are no laughing matter (a pleasing pun is groaned at, an unacceptable one deserves a hiss). And it was in a collection of terrible puns that Boskone XVIII ended.

NESFA, the New England Science Fiction Association, helds annual Boskones, and two smaller cons, Lexicon and Codclave. For further information contact NESFA Inc., Box G. MIT PO, Cambridge Ma. 02139.

Continued from page 31

I parked my car in a lot and handed the attendant a couple of bucks. I walked up the street to a semi-plush joint called "El Matador." It had framed pictures of prize winning race horses autographed by the jockeys. Good drinks. And most importantly a large bay window that looked out across the street to Skinner's massage parlour.

I sat at a corner table by the window sipping a martini and smoking cigarettes waiting for something to happen. I saw a midnight blue Fleetwood pull up in front of Skinner's joint. Two men dressed in modish business attire got out and went up the stairs to the massage parlour. In a few minutes they came back down, got into their car, and drove away.

Some more time passed. A woman came out of the parlour and crossed the street. She had flaming red hair half piled on her head and half hanging in a sort of showgirl shag. It gave her that rumpled look. Like she had just gotten laid. She was wearing a tight turtle-necked jersey and a high-waisted skirt that clung to her curves and crevices in an elegant sort of way.

It followed the tapered lines of her shapely legs and cut off just above the knees. She was wearing dark silk stockings and heels. She walked with just a hint of a strut. She was used to being gawked at. She damn near caused a traffic pile-up as she crossed Broadway.

She walked into the bar and glanced around the room. I thought that her eyes lingered in my direction a few extra seconds but I wasn't sure. She walked over to the bar, slid on to a stool, tossed her hair back across her shoulders a couple of times for effect and ordered a champagne cocktail.
and ordered a champagne cocktail.

Before she could manage to dig through her purse, a sport in a three-piece picked up the tab. She never even gave him a glance. She sat at the bar and cooly sipped at her drink like a swan dipping at the surface of a lake. Every now and again her eyes edged sideways in my direction. Now I was sure.

When the waiter came to take my next drink order I told him to send the lady a bottle of champagne with my compliments. I watched him walk gracefully to the bar and murmur something to her in a low confidential whisper. She turned her head and gave me a coy smile. I leered back at her with a big, toothy, lecherous grin.

The waiter padded back to me with his effortless gait.

"The lady asks if she may join you at your table," he purred.

"What do you think, Bub?"

"Sir?" He raised his eyebrows a fraction of an inch.

"You may tell the lady that I most graciously accept her request." I put on my very best Harvard accent.

"Very good sir."

He turned on his heel and walked away. A short time later he returned with a bottle of Mumms wrapped in a white linen hand cloth buried in ice in a sterling silver champagne bucket. He placed the bucket on the table along with a couple of frosted crystal goblets.

He left and returned with the redhead. He held her chair out for her and she placed herself in it very delicately like she thought her ass was made out of gold. The waiter was between us. He made a low bow in my direction and with a flourish of his hands he said:

"Sir, may I introduce Miss Tiffany Taylor."

"Miss Taylor, I'm very pleased to make your acquaintance," I told her in deep golden throated tones. And to the waiter I said, "That will be all," with proper dryness.

I turned back to Miss Taylor. She was perched on the edge of her chair with her legs crossed, fumbling through her purse. I sat there calmly observing her. I poured the champagne. By this time she had gotten out a cigarette and was fumbling for matches.

"Allow me," I said as I reached across the table with my lighter.

She took a deep draw, tossed her head back and blew smoke through pursed lips. Then she leaned forward and clasped my hands with both of her own. She looked like she was ready to turn on the tears at a moment's notice. I was ready for act one.

"I'm sorry," she began. "It's just, oh, you don't know what I've been through today."

"Why don't you tell me about it. It might help."

"It's so terrible, my...the man I worked for ... was murdered... I can't bear to talk... I just keep seeing him there dead..." She broke off in a series of sobs. Then, with a shudder she drew herself up and looked me squarely in the eyes.

"But you're just a stranger. You don't want to hear about this. It's just that when I saw you sitting over here by yourself... you just looked like the type of man... oh, I don't know." She looked like she was ready to make with the tears again. "I guess I just want someone to comfort me." She stared up into my eyes. She had nice eyes. Green with specks of gold. Eves with depth. Eyes that held the fire of fine cut jewels. I felt myself slipping. Like a drowning man under the surface for the last time.

"That's a nice story," I said firmly but without malice. "Now suppose that you tell me the real reason that you've been checking me out since you walked through the door." Her eyes widened. Her lips formed a perfect circle but before any words found their way out of it I continued on:

"Listen honey, I know who you are and what you are so cut the act. Duke Skinner didn't mean a thing to you. Now suppose we lay our cards on the table. You can start by telling me what you want from me."

"Alright, Bliss, Duke was an asshole and I despised him while he was living. But seeing him there like that. Dead. With a bullet in him. I need someone, Mickey. I really do. I've seen you around and I always thought that if I got the chance... well, you *are* a fox you know."

"Uh huh," I cut her off. "That's nice. Now suppose we get to the real reason you want me. I mean besides what I have hanging between my legs."

"Do you have to be so crude?"

"Aw come on, you love every minute of it," I snarled. I poured her another glass of champagne and lit myself a cigarette. She sipped her drink daintily.

"Mickey, I'm in trouble. Real trouble. You said you know me so you probably know that I handled most of Duke's business. The books. The payroll. The hiring and firing. That sort of thing. Well it seems that Duke was in some sort of deal with some boys from Vegas. A deal that involved a large sum of money. Well, now that Duke's dead the boys want their money back. They think I know where it is."

"Do you?"

"Be serious Mickey. Would I be here waiting to get caught if I had a bank roll?"

"I don't know. Would you? That might be the smartest cover?"

"It might. But the fact of the matter

is that I don't have the money and I don't know anything about it and I'm scared. You know the way the Vegas boys operate. I don't want to end up in the desert."

"So what do you want from me?"

"You have a reputation Mr. Bliss. The word is that you're a guy that can handle a situation."

"So, what you mean is that you want me to get the heat off you and maybe provide some protection."

"Oh Mickey, would you? Could you?" She batted her long mascaraed eyelashes at me.

"How much money do you have?" I snapped.

"What?"

"Money! As in cash dollars. I don't work for nothing. Broads like you are a lot of aggravation. I like to get paid for my aggravation."

"Don't worry, Mickey, I'll take care of you," she cooed and gave me the love eyes.

"Forget it," I said. "Sure you're good looking, but pretty faces are a dime a dozen. Now, either you come up with some dough or I'll see you later."

"Alright Mickey. You're the boss. Anything you say." She shivered. "I feel so much better now."

"Let's get out of here," I said.

We walked down Broadway. The strip was in full swing. The neon blazed. The pinballs blinked and buzzed in the penny arcades. Perverts in raincoats crept stealthily in and out of the blue room peep-shows. Gypsies, clowns, jugglers, street musicians, reefer salesmen, you name it, were out working the street for loose change.

Barkers stood in every doorway shouting themselves hoarse and waving their arms frantically, trying to snatch the suckers off the street and into the clip joints. I saw Suttmeir and Daniels cruise down the street in an unmarked Plymouth. Luckily, they were watching a girl in hot pants shake her way down the street. They never glanced in my direction.

We drove across the Golden Gate bridge to her place in Marin County. On the way she massaged my thigh with her head.

She lived in an exclusive modernistic housing complex in the San Raphael hills. It was a playground for the rich. The epitome of the Marin County jet set life style the folks back East loved to hate.

It had a swimming pool, saunas, a Jacuzzi, and tennis courts. The parking lot was littered with Mercedes and Jaguars. A couple of Rolls' were thrown in for good measure. There wasn't a single Cadillac. In their set a Caddy was considered low-class.

We parked my car and strolled to her apartment. It was a pleasant evening. Warm with just the hint of a breeze in the air. Overhead the stars winked slyly. She clung on my arm until we reached her door.

The inside of her flat was something else. A cross between Cosmpolitan and Kama Sutra. It was the lair of the huntress, all done up in leopard skin and black leather. It had beaded doorways and smelled faintly of jasmine incense. There were enough potted plants and hanging vines to classify it as a tropical rain forest. She told me to make myself comfortable and went out into the kitchen to fix refreshments.

When I awoke the next morning she was gone. She left a note on the pillow: "Dear Mickey, had an important errand. Be back. Luv, Tiffany."

I showered and shaved with a razor I found in her medicine cabinet. The blade was dull and hacked my skin. I splashed on some rubbing alcohol for aftershave. I dressed and then made myself some coffee. On the kitchen table there was an envelope with my name on it. I opened it.

Inside were two C-notes and a piece of paper with the words, "expense moeny" written on it. The bills and the paper smelled of perfume. I put the bills in my wallet and chuckled.

I drove back across the Golden Gate. I could see huge billows of fog rolling in from the Pacific. The bay was buried in white cotton candy. Over across town, on the edge of the horizon the sun gleamed off of the pyramid building in a flash of blinding intensity.

I took Van Ness to Geary St. and parked my car in the garage. I went up to my room and changed into a fresh set of clothes. When I came back downstairs, Suttmeir and Daniels were waiting for me in the Lobby.

Suttmeir said, "Hello, Bliss, we'd like to have a little chat with you."

We walked across the street to a greasy little coffee shop that had a dirty cardboard sign in the window advertising 59 cents breakfast specials. There was a withered old toothless alcoholic in a cook's apron behind the counter. An obese waitress with a wart on the end of her nose chewed gum, loud and fast. A crowd of lively flies did their best to disturb a few lifeless customers.

We picked up the coffee at the counter and moved over to a booth. Suttmeir opened the conversation:

"Okay Bliss. We know we might've come on a little strong yesterday. There that was murder and we were a little excited. So today we'll just take it slow and easy. We don't want a lot. We just want to know, how come you, a P.I., just happened to be on the scene when a murder took place."

"You're barking up the wrong tree, Tom. That cop's instinct of yours is off whack this time. I just happened to be in the area for reasons of my own — reasons that had nothing to do with Skinner or anyone or anything connected with him."

"You know something, Bliss. That's just what I was saying to my partner. Nick, I said, I bet Bliss just happened to be there out of sheer coincidence. And I might even believe it except for the fact we know you've become playmates with Skinner's top lady. I might also add that there's word going around that there's some boys here from out of town looking for some misplaced money."

"What are you driving at, Tom?"

"Just this. It doesn't take too much imagination to come up with the idea that maybe you and her came up with a plan to knock off Skinner and make off with some dough."

"Stick it up your ass, Suttmeir."

"Take it easy, punk," Daniels muttered.

Suttmeir continued, "Okay Bliss, maybe you are clean. And maybe you dont' know nothing about this case. And maybe your being with that redheaded floozy last night is just one more coincidence. If so, keep it that way. Keep it that way for your own good, brother. Keep your nose clean and keep it the fuck out of our business. Our business being presently the Skinner case. Because if you don't, or we find that you've been holding out important evidence on us, we're going to break you. And we'll break you so hard that they'll be picking up the pieces from here to New York. Come on, Nick, let's blow this dump."

I decided it was time to do some real detective work. I took a cab to North Beach. It was noon by now. North

Beach was quiet this time of day. Most of the joints were still closed. Here and there a man was sweeping out a doorway. A couple of beer wagons were making deliveries. I spotted a guy I knew working the door of a joint that was situated diagonally across from Skinner's massage parlour.

He was a real character. He dressed up old time Chicago style in pin-stripe suits, black shirts and white ties. He slicked his hair back in a greasy blonde pompadour. Real cornball stuff but the suckers ate it up. As I approached him he went into his routine:

"Ssssst! Hey pal. I got naked broads in here. Come on in. I'll let you take a free peek at the action."

"Cut the comedy, Tony," I told him. Then, as a matter of convention I asked him, "How's business?"

He muttered an obscenity. I made with the small talk for a while. After a couple of minutes of idle chatter I asked him what he thought of the Skinner murder.

"Good riddance to bad rubbish," he sneered. "Why, are you on the case?"

I admitted that I might be checking out an angle.

"Forget it," he told me. "The boys that pulled that one are untouchable."

I looked puzzled.

Tony looked at me like I was a rube fresh off the bus. "Get hip," he said. "Skinner was rubbed out by the mob."

"Is that a fact?"

"Hey man, everyone on the street knows the score. He tried to hold out on some money and he got iced. It's as simple as that."

"Could be. Were you working here when he got it?"

"Yeah and I'll tell you just like I told the cops. I didn't see nothing. Didn't hear nothing. And I don't know nothing."

"Come on Tony, be a pal. There must be something. Some little thing. Think hard."

"Lookit, Bliss. It was a day just like any other day. I was standing here in the doorway with my thumb up my ass because the boss kept coming out and jumping all over my case about the club being empty and why didn't I hustle some customers into the place. For Christ's sake, there wasn't a goddam mark from one end of the street to the other, know what I mean? and Skinner's joint was doing the same booming business as ours. He didn't have a customer all day. Not even any lookers. The only guy I saw walk through the door was the kid that sold him his flowers."

"Flowers?"

"Yeah, you know. Flowers. Duke liked to play the part of the high roller. He always had a damn carnation stuck in his lapel. He claimed it brought him good luck. That's a laugh, hey Bliss?"

"The kid that sells the flowers. Is he a local kid or what?"

"Naw. I think he's some kind of hairy kirshna freak or something."

I had a wild hunch. I reached into my pocket and pulled out the snapshot of the missing moonie.

"Ever see this mug before, Tony?"

"No. Hey, wait a minute! What, are you trying to kid me? That's the hippy-dippy that sells the flowers. Hey Bliss, if you think he done the murder you're a bigger fruitcake than he is."

The door to the club burst open. Tony's boss stormed out. He was fat and bald. He wore a loud checkered sports coat. He was chomping a cigar and breathing fire.

"What am I, an idiot?" he bellowed at Tony. "I must be to have a stupid fuck like you working for me." He turned towards me and started shooing me away with his hands. "Hey you, don't bother my doorman while he's trying to work." He sputtered away. I could still hear him ranting and raving as I turned the corner at Kearney St.

A week passed and nothing happened. I stayed clear of the cops. I didn't end up in the bay with current overshoes. I continued to protect my client in San Raphael.

I went around to various moonie communes and operations. But they were all dead ends. They just kept smiling at me and quoting words of wisdom from the mouth of Reverend Moon. They were all programmed zombies. I couldn't get a thing out of them.

I hit the streets with his picture. Still no luck. I followed up a couple of false leads and ended up in a few blind alleys. I was getting discouraged. The kid seemed to have vanished from the face of the earth.

Then I ran into a wino that claimed to have seen him in a bread line in the mission district. A real reliable source, right? What the hell. I had nothing else to go on. I spent a whole day checking out soup lines and flophouses and still came up with less than zero.

As a last resort I decided to check out the Haight. Super sleuth that I am, I passed him twice in the street without recognizing him. It was only when he got right in my face and asked me for some spare change that I realized who he was.

The transformation was unreal. His skin was drained of color. His eyes were sunken red and hollow. His hair was matted. His clothes tattered and torn. He reeked of the smell of urine and white port.

I had to chase him for a half a block. When he caught on that I knew who he was, he turned tail and ran. I caught him by the collar and shoved my badge in his face. He began to blubber:

"I didn't do it. It was an accident."

"I believe you, son," I said soothingly. "Why don't you take it from the top so we can straighten this whole mess out."

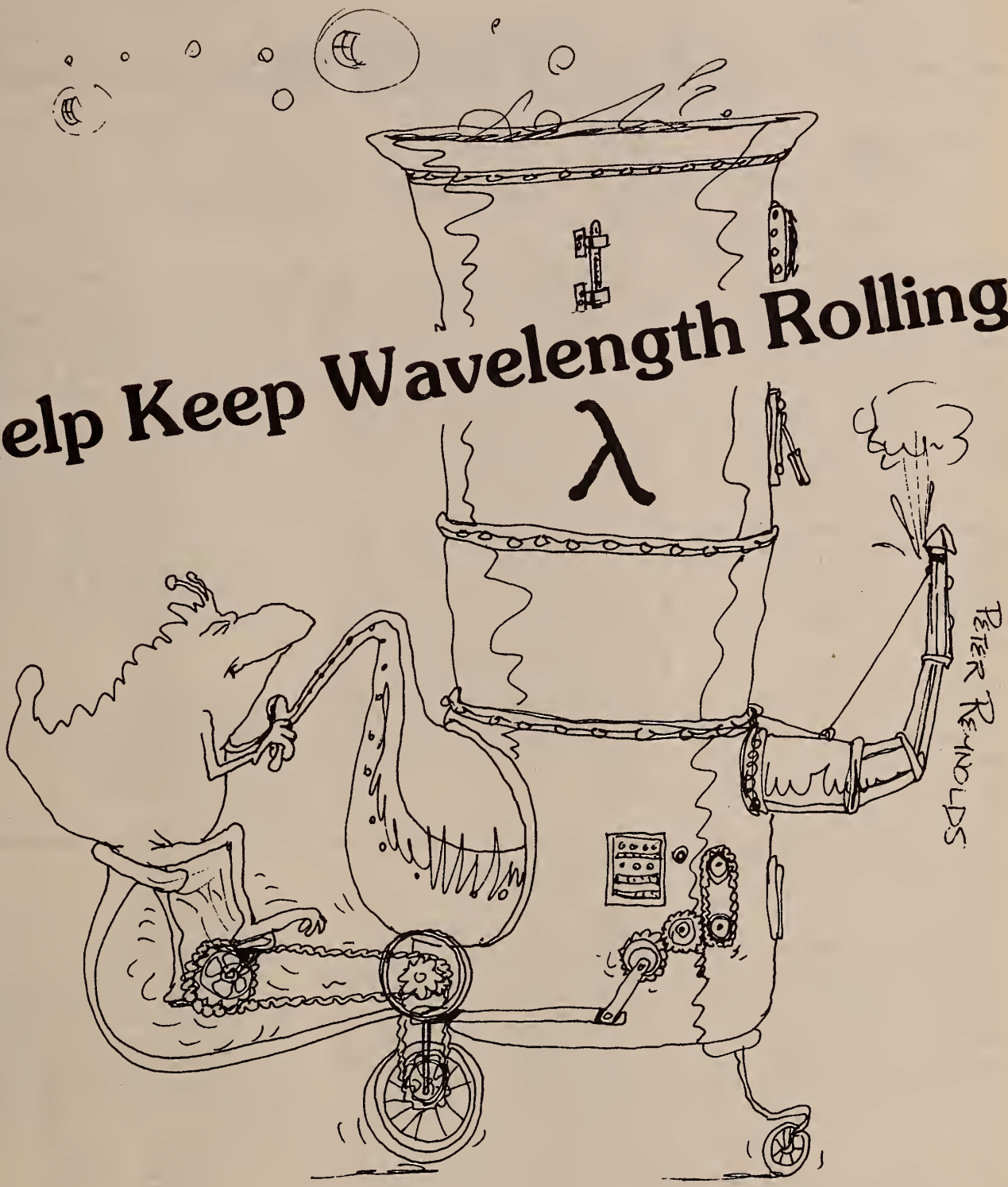
Eventually I got the whole sordid story. Seems that Duke had been even freakier than most people suspected. The kid had been selling him flowers for a while when Duke suggested a way for the kid to make some extra money. Well, the kid wanted money for what he thought was a good cause and he was under pressure from the inner sanctum to bring in more and more dough.

Besides, he really didn't think he was doing anything wrong. So he went for it. Duke had him go through a routine. He'd give the kid a gun and have the kid hold it on him and threaten to blow him away and talk mean and nasty to him while he sat in his chair and did his thing.

After Duke got his cookies off he'd pay the kid a double sawbuck and send him on his way. So this had been going on for a while until one day Duke gave the kid a loaded gun. Whether by accident or to give himself a bigger thrill, no one will ever know. Anyways, the kid pulled the trigger and the gun went off and the kid lit out down the back staircase scared shitless. He told me that he had walked and walked and eventually walked to the Golden Gate Bridge where he had tossed the gun into the bay. He had gone back to his commune in what I imagine must have been a very shattered state of mind and was immediately put back on the street when his superiors learned that he had returned

Continued to page 47

Help Keep Wavelength Rolling!



Letters

"All changed, changed utterly"

...Yeats, Easter 1916

The next day, across the airwaves, endless music flowed. Over coffee, his name was seldom specified — everyone knew whom "he" meant. That Reagan was to be President, that the prime rate was twenty percent, that it was 'day 401' for the hostages — even that it was 1980 had to be put aside. Once again we had to search for the meaning in 'all of it.' There could be no silence.

I was a child while 'all of it' was happening. Then, events seemed nonsequential; it was all a collage fixed to a canvas of war. On the television there were nightly maps, reports about the day's battles, the tallies of the day's dead.

Then a moon landing, or a civil rights leader's slaying, or a protest marching was pasted on top with Cronkite's, "and that's the way it was...." In my living room, amidst 'all of it,' my mother saw only "dope fiends," and my father shouted, "mow 'em down!" And, of course, through the radio came that forbidden music. Later, I would think about all of it whenever I would hear the building confusion of noise in, "A Day in the Life."

There could be no silence. The morning newspaper's stories about the past and reports about the night before had to be read, and reread — then the newspaper had to be set aside. The criticism ceased; it had been silenced. That night candles had to be lit for the slain man. The music had to be heard again.

Yes, John Lennon is dead. Martin Luther King is dead. It's 1981. Now, like the final charge of the piano in, "A Day in the Life," all of it' is over. But, there can be no silence.

"A terrible beauty is born" Yeats, Easter 1916

Jim Carew

Open Letter to Chancellor Corrigan

In light of current U.S. military intervention in El Salvador and other signs of U.S. militarism, the stand students have taken in not allowing military recruiters on campus is an important one. However, the Anti-War Committee has just learned that the Marines, Navy, and Coast Guard are scheduled to recruit on campus March 25, 26, and 27. We would like to express our outrage at their reappearance at UMB.

This is not the first time student referendums have been ignored by the UMASS administration. In 1972 by a vote of 1406 to 536 the military was banned from campus. The administration violated the democratic process with the Board of Trustees lifting the ban in 1974 and the University Assembly repealing the ban in 1977. Yet, in order to overturn a binding referendum another vote resulting in a two thirds majority must occur.

Therefore the vote taken this semester serves to reaffirm the original vote in 1972. Though a two thirds majority was not achieved this February, one was not needed since the original 1972 ruling was not repealed through proper channels.

The scheduling of military recruiters shows that the administration is continuing to ignore and overturn decisions made by students. As long as such callous disregard for student concerns occurs, more dramatic action becomes necessary. We demand that the administration not allow the military to appear on this campus.

Anti-War Comm.
El Salvador Solidarity Comm.
Julia Grant, Student Assembly
Student Activities Comm.
Don Babets, Trustee-Elect

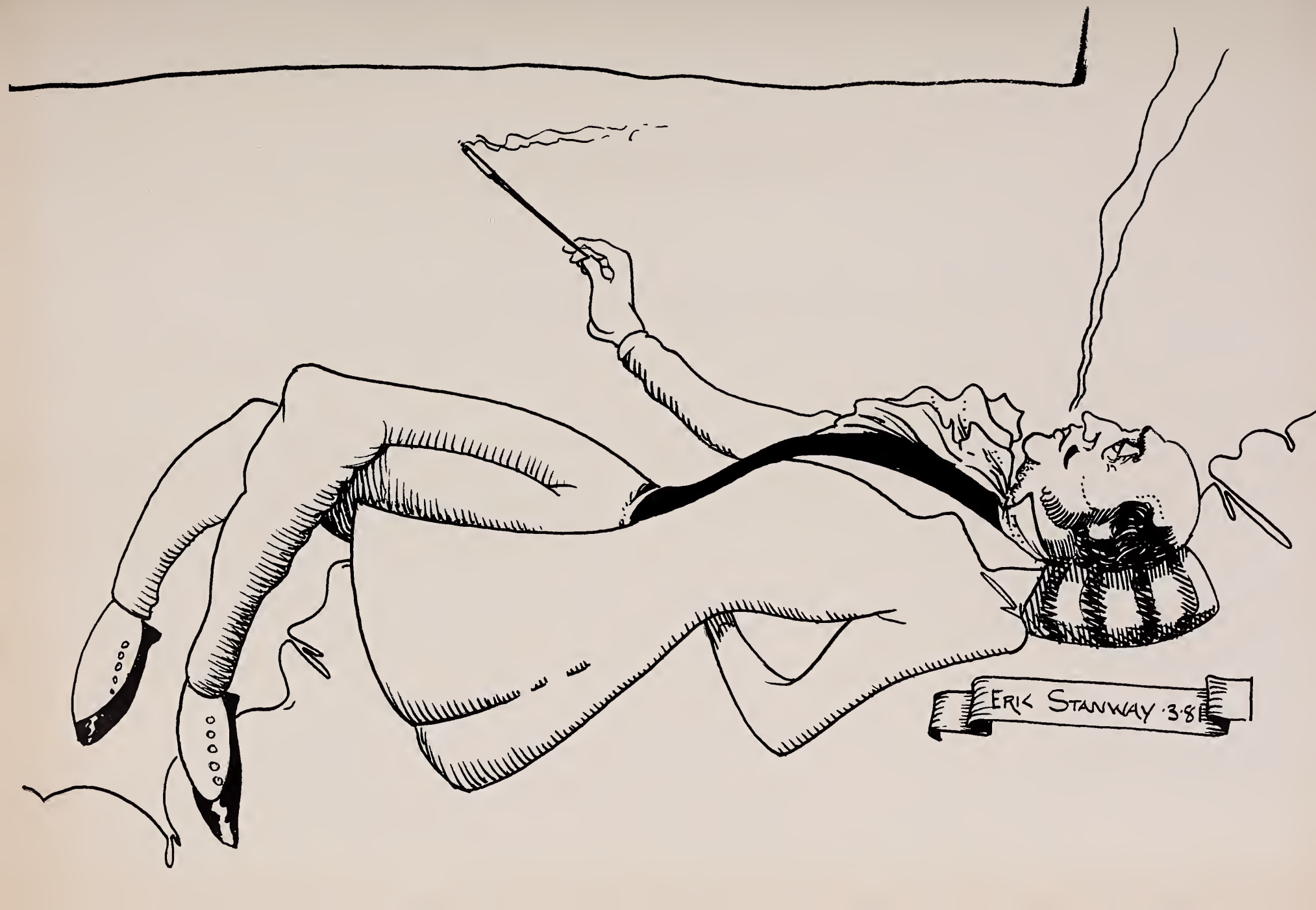
Mass Pirg Recycling.

Recycling is often considered unimportant by those who don't look beyond themselves to the wider picture. The waste paper generated by one person does indeed seem inconsequential. But it is a definitely tangible volume that becomes downright staggering when combined with that of other people.

Consider newspaper. The *New York Times* requires forty acres of trees for the Sunday edition alone. In no time, those trees go up in smoke or litter our streets. A fairly active three-member family accumulates twenty-five pounds of 8 x 10 paper and magazines in a four-week period.

The Recycling Project provides a good chance for people who care about the environment, and want to do something, to improve it. Twenty Pirg members now cover forty administrational offices on campus.

They spend about one hour each week emptying collection boxes and transporting paper to a central collection point at the loading dock. If you are interested in helping our project please contact Elizabeth Marshall or Bill Hinchberger at the Pirg offices 8/4/005 or ext. 3159.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